C. 34

SHAKSPERE. | RICHARD THE SECOND. LONDON. 1634.

k 45

Shakspere, W.
C.34 k.45
~~644. c. 29~~

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF KING *RICHARD* THE SECOND.

With new Additions of the *Parliament Scene*, and the Deposing of King *Richard*.

As it hath beene acted by the Kings Majesties Servants, at the *Globe*.

By *William Shakespeare*.

LONDON,
Printed by IOHN NORTON.
1634.

The Life and Death of King *Richard* the second.

Actus Primus, Scæna Prima.

Enter King Richard, Iohn a Gaunt, with other Nobles, and Attendants.

King Richard

Ld *Iohn* of *Gaunt*, time-honoured *Lancaſter*,
Haſt thou according to thy oath and band,
Brought hither *Henry Hereford*, thybold ſon:
Here to make good, the boyſterous late appeale
Which then our leaſure would not let vs heare,
Againſt the Duke of *Norfolke, Thomas Mowbray*?

Gaunt. I haue my Liege.

King. Tell me moreover, haſt thou ſounded him,
If he appeale the Duke on ancient malice,
Or worthily as a good ſubiect ſhould,
On ſome knowne ground of treachery in him.

Gaunt. As neere as I could ſift him on that argument,
On ſome apparant danger ſeene in him,
Aym'd at your highneſſe, no inueterate malice.

King. Then call them to our preſence face to face,
And frowning brow to brow, our ſelues will heare
Th' accuſer, and the accuſed, freely ſpeake;
High ſtomack'd are they both, and full of ire
In rage, deafe as the ſea; haſty as fire.

Enter Bullingbrooke, and Mowbray.

Bul. Many yeeres of happy dayes befall
My gracious Soveraigne, my loving Liege.
Mow. Each day still better others happineſſe,
Vntill the heavens enuying earths good hap,
Adde an immortall title to your Crowne.
King. We thanke you both, yet one but flatters vs,
As well appeareth by the cauſe you come,
Namely to appeale each other of high treaſon.
Coſin of *Hereford*, what doſt thou obiect
gainſt the Duke of *Norfolke*, *Thomas Mowbray*?
Bul. First, (heaven be the record of my ſpeech,)
In the devotion of a ſubiects love,
Tendring the precious ſafety of my Prince,
And free from other miſ-begotten hate,
Come I appelant to his Princely preſence.
Now *Thomas Mowbray*, doe I turne to thee,
And marke my greeting well: for what I ſpeake,
My body ſhall make good upon this earth,
Or my divine Soule anſwer it in Heaven.
Thou art a Traytor, and a miſcreant;
Too good to be ſo, and too bad to live,
Since the more faire and Chriſtall is the Skie,
The uglier ſeemes the Clouds, that in it flye:
Once more, the more to aggravate the note,
With a foule traitors name, ſtuffe I thy throat,
And wiſh (ſo pleaſe my Soveraigne) ere I move,
What my tongue ſpeakes, my right drawne ſword may prove.
Mow. Let not my coole words here accuſe my zeale:
'Tis not the tryall of a womans warre,
The bitter clamour of two eager tongues,
Can arbitrate this cauſe betwixt us twaine:
The blood is hot that muſt be cool'd for this,
Yet can I not of ſuch tame patience boaſt,
As to be huſht, and nought at all to ſay.
Firſt the faire reverence of your Highneſſe curbes me,
From giving reines and ſpurres to my free ſpeech,
Which once would poſt, untill it had return'd

Theſe termes of treaſon, doubly downe his throat.
Setting aſide his high bloods royalty,
And let him be no kinſman to my Liege,
I doe defie him, and I ſpit at him,
Call him a ſlandrous Coward, and a Villaine:
Which to maintaine, I would allow him oddes,
And meet him, were I tide to runne a foote,
Even to the frozen ridges of the Alpes,
Or any other ground inhabitable,
Where ever Engliſh man durſt ſet his foote.
Meane time, let this defend my loyalty,
By all my hopes moſt falſely doth he lye.
Bul. Pale trembling Coward, there I throw my gage,
Diſclaiming here the kindred of the King,
And lay aſide my high bloods royalty,
Which feare, not reverence makes me to except,
If guilty dread have left thee ſo much ſtrength,
As to take up mine honours pawne, then ſtoope,
By that, and all the rights of Knighthood elſe,
Will I make good againſt thee arme to arme,
What I have ſpoken, or thou canſt deviſe.
Mow. I take it up, and by that ſword I ſweare,
Which gently layd my Knighthood on my ſhoulder,
Ile anſwer thee in any faire degree,
Or Chivalrous deſigne of Knightly tryall:
And when I mount, alive may I not light,
If I be traytor, or unjuſtly fight.
King. What doth our Coſin lay to *Mowbrayes* charge?
It muſt be great that can inherite us,
So much as of a thought of ill in him.
Bul. Looke what I ſayd my life ſhall prove it true,
That *Mowbray* hath receiv'd eight thouſand Nobles,
In name of lendings for your highneſſe Souldiers,
The which he hath detain'd for lewd imployments,
Like a falſe Traytor, and iniurious Villaine.
Beſides I ſay, and will in battell prove,
Or here or elſewhere to the furtheſt Verge
That ever was ſurvey'd by Engliſh eye,

That all the treasons of these eighteene yeares
Complotted and contrived in this Land,
Fetcht from false *Mowbray* their first head and spring.
Further I say and further will maintaine
Vpon his bad life, to make all this good,
That he did plot the Duke of *Glosters* death,
Suggest his soone beleeving adversaries,
And consequently like a Traytor Coward,
Sluc'd out his innocent soule through streames of blood:
Which blood, like sacrificing *Abels* cryes,
(Even from the tongueleſſe cavernes of the earth)
To me for Iustice, and rough chastisement:
And by the glorious worth of my descent,
This arme shall doe it, or this life be spent.

King. How high a pitch his resolution soares;
Thomas of *Norfolke*, what sayest thou to this?

Mow. Oh let my soveraigne turne away his face,
And bid his eares a little while be deafe,
Till I have told this slander of his blood,
How God and good men hate so fowle a lyer.

King. *Mowbray*, impartiall are our eyes and eares,
Were he our brother, nay, our Kingdomes heire,
As he is but our fathers brothers sonne;
Now by my Scepters awe, I make a vow,
Such neighbour-neerenesse to our sacred blood,
Should nothing priviledge him, nor partialize
The unstooping firmenesse of our upright soule.
He is our subiect (*Mowbray*) so art thou,
Free speech and fearelesse, I to thee allow.

Mow. Then *Bullingbrooke* as low as to thy heart,
Through the false passage of thy throat; thou lyest:
Three parts of that receipt I had for Callice,
Disburst I to his Highnesse souldiers;
The other part reserv'd I by consent,
For that my soveraigne Liege was in my debt,
Vpon remainder of a deare account,
Since last I went to *France* to fetch his Queene:
Now swallow downe that lye. For *Glosters* death,

I slew him not; but (to mine owne disgrace)
Neglected my sworne duty in that case:
For you my Noble Lord of Lancaster,
The honourable father to my foe,
Once I did lay an ambush for your life,
A trespasse that doth vex my grieved soule:
But ere I last receiv'd the Sacrament,
I did confesse it, and exactly begg'd
Your Graces pardon, and I hope I had it.
This is my fault: as for the rest appeal'd,
It issues from the rancour of a villaine,
A recreant, and most degenerate Traytor,
Which in my selfe I boldly will defend,
And interchangeably hurle downe my gage,
Vpon this overweening Traitors foot,
To prove my selfe a loyall Gentleman,
Even in the best blood chamber'd in his bosome.
In haste whereof most heartily I pray
Your Highnesse to assigne our tryall day.

King. Wrath kindled Gentlemen be rul'd by me:
Let's purge this choller without letting blood:
This we prescribe, though no Physition.
Deepe malice makes too deepe incision.
Forget, forgive, conclude, and be agreed,
Our Doctors say, this is no time to bleed.
Good Vncle, let this end where it begun,
We'l calme the Duke of *Norfolke*, you your sonne.

Gaunt. To be a make-peace shall become my age,
Throw downe (my sonne) the Duke of *Norfolkes* gage.

King. And *Norfolke*, throw downe his.

Gaunt. When *Harry* when? Obedience bids,
Obedience bids, I should not bid agen.

King. *Norfolke*, throw downe, we bid; there is no boote.

Mow. My selfe I throw (dread Soveraigne) at thy foot.
My life thou shalt command, but not my shame,
The one my duty owes; but my faire name
Despight of death that lives upon my grave
To darke dishonours use, thou shalt not have.

I am disgrac'd, impeach'd, and baffel'd here,
Pierc'd to the soule with slanders venom'd speare:
The which no Balme can cure, but his heart blood
Which breath'd this poyson.

King. Rage must be withstood:
Give me his gage: Lyons make Leopards tame.

Mow. Yea, but not change his spots: take but my shame,
And I resigne my gage. My deare, deare Lord,
The purest treasure mortall times afford,
Is spotlesse reputation: that away,
Men are but gilded loame, or painted clay.
A jewell in a ten-times barr'd up Chest,
Is a bold spirit in a loyall brest.
Mine honour is my life; both grow in one:
Take honour from me, and my life is done.
Then (deare my Liege) mine honour let me try,
In that I live, and for that will I dye.

King. Cosin throw downe your gage,
Doe you begin.

Bul. Oh heaven defend my soule from such foule sinne.
Shall I seeme Crest-falne in my fathers sight,
Or with pale beggar-feare impeach my height
Before this out-dar'd dastard? Ere my tongue,
Shall wound mine honour with such feeble wrong;
Or sound so base a parle: my teeth shall teare
The slavish motive of recanting feare,
And spit it bleeding in this high disgrace,
Where shame doth harbour, even in *Mowbrayes* face.

Exit Gaunt.

King. We were not borne to sue, but to command,
Which since we cannot doe to make you friends,
Be ready, (as your lives shall answer it)
At *Coventree*, upon Saint *Lamberts* day:
There shall your Swords and Lances arbitrate
The swelling difference of your setled hate:
Since we cannot attone you, you shall see
Iustice designe the Victors Chivalry.
Lord Marshall, command our Officers at Armes,

Be ready to direct these home, Alarmes. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Gaunt, and Dutchesse of Glocester.

Gaunt. Alas, the part I had in *Glosters* blood,
Doth more solicite me than your exclaimes,
To stirre against the butchers of his life.
But since correction lyeth in those hands
Which made the fault that we cannot correct,
Put we our quarrell to the will of Heauen,
Who when they see the houres ripe on earth,
Will raigne hot vengeance on offenders heads.

Dut. Finds brotherhood in thee no sharper spurre?
Hath love in thy old blood no liuing fire?
Edwards seven sonnes (whereof thy selfe art one)
Were seven vialles of his sacred blood.
Or seuen faire branches springing from one roote:
Some of those seuen are dryed by natures course,
Some of those branches by the destinies cut:
But *Thomas*, my deare Lord, my life, my *Gloster*,
One Viall full of *Edwards* sacred blood,
One flourishing branch of his most Royall roote
Is crack'd, and all the precious liquor spilt;
Is hackt downe, and his summer leaves all vaded
By Envies hand, and Murders bloody Axe.
Ah *Gaunt*? His blood was thine, that bed, that wombe,
That mettall, that selfe-mould that fashion'd thee,
Made him a man: and though thou liu'st and breath'st;
Yet art thou slaine in him: thou dost consent
In some large measure to thy Fathers death,
In that thou seest thy wretched brother dy,
Who was the modell of thy Fathers life,
Call it not patience (*Gaunt*) it is despaire,
In suffering thus thy brother to be slaughter'd

Thou ſhew'ſt the naked pathway to thy life,
Teaching ſterne murther how to butcher thee:
That which in meane men we intitle patience
Is pale cold cowardiſe in noble breaſts:
What ſhall I ſay, to ſafegard thine owne life,
The beſt way is to venge my *Gloſters* death.

Gaunt. Heavens is the quarrell: for Heavens ſubſtitute
His Deputy annoynted in his ſight,
Hath caus'd his death, the which if wrongfully,
Let heaven revenge: for I may neuer lift
An angry arme againſt his Miniſter.

Dut. Where then (alas) may I complaine my ſelfe?

Gau. To heaven, the widdowes Champion to defence.

Dut. Why then I will: farewell old *Gaunt*.
Thou go'ſt to Coventry, there to behold
Our Coſin *Hereford*, and fell *Mowbray* fight:
O ſit my husbands wrongs on *Herefords* ſpeare,
That it may enter butcher Mowbrayes breaſt:
Or if misfortune miſſe the firſt carreere,
Be *Mowbrayes* ſinnes ſo heavy in his boſome,
That they may breake his foaming courſers backe,
And throw the Rider headlong in the Liſts,
A Caytiffe recreant to my Coſin *Hereford*.
Farewell old *Gaunt*, thy ſometimes brothers wife
With her companion Greeſe, muſt end her life.

Gau. Siſter fare well; I muſt to Coventry,
As much good ſtay with thee, as go with me.

Dut. Yet one word more Greeſe boundeth where it falls,
Not with the empty hollowneſſe, but weight.
I take my leaue before I haue begun,
For ſorrow ends not: when it ſeemeth done.
Commend me to my brother *Edward Yorke*.
Loe, this is all: nay yet depart not ſo,
Though this be all, do not ſo quickely goe,
I ſhall remember more. Bid him, Oh, what?
With all good ſpeed at *Pleſhie* viſite me.
Alacke, and what ſhall good old *Yorke* there ſee,
But empty lodgings, and unfurniſh'd walles,

Vn-peopl'd Offices, untroden ſtones?
And what heare there for welcome, but my groanes?
Therefore commend me, let him not come there,
To ſeeke out ſorrow, that dwels every where:
Deſolate, deſolate will I hence and dye,
The laſt leave of thee, takes my weeping eye. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Marſhall, and Aumerle.

Mar. My L. *Aumerle*, is *Harry Hereford* arm'd?

Aum. Yea, at all poynts, and longs to enter in,

Mar. The Duke of Norfolke, ſprightfully and bold,
Stayes but the ſummons of the Appellants Trumpet.

Au. Why then the Champions, are prepar'd, and ſtay
For nothing but his Maieſties approach.

Flouriſh.

Enter King, Gaunt, Buſhy, Bagot, Greene, and others: Then Mowbray in Armor, and Harrold.

Rich. Marſhall, demand of yonder Champion
The cauſe of his arrivall here in Armes,
Aske him his name, and orderly proceed
To ſweare him in the juſtice of his cauſe.

Mar. In Gods Name, and the Kings, ſay who thou art,
And why thou com'ſt, thus Knightly clad in Armes?
Againſt what man thou com'ſt, and what's thy quarrell,
Speake truely, on thy Knighthood, and thine oath,
As ſo defend thee heaven, and thy valour.

Mow. My name is *Tho. Mowbray*, Duke of Norfolke,
Who hither come engaged by my oath
(Which heaven defend a Knight ſhould violate)
Both to defend my loyalty and truth,
To God, my King, and his ſucceeding iſſue,
Ag ainſt the Duke of Hereford, that appeales me.

 And

And by the grace of God and this mine arme,
To proue him (in defending of my ſelfe)
A traytor to my God, my King, and me,
And as I truely fight, defend me heaven.

Tucket. Enter Hereford, and Harold.

Rich. Marſhall: aske yonder Knight in Armes,
Both who he is, and why he commeth hither,
Thus placed in habiliments of warre:
And formally according to our Law
Depoſe him in the iuſtice of his cauſe.

Mar. What is thy name, and wherefore com'ſt thou hither
Before King *Richard* in his Royall Lists?
Againſt whom com'ſt thou? and what's thy quarrell?
Speake like a true Knight, ſo defend thee Heaven.

Bul. *Harry* of *Hereford*, *Lancaſter*, and *Derby*,
Am I: who ready here doe ſtand in Armes,
To prove by heavens grace, and my bodies valour,
In Lists, on *Thomas Mowbray* Duke of Norfolke,
That he's a Traytor foule and dangerous,
To God of heaven, King *Richard*, and to me,
And as I truely fight, defend me heaven.

Mar. On paine of death, no perſon be ſo bold,
Or daring hardy as to touch the Lists,
Except the Marſhall, and ſuch Officers
Appoynted to direct theſe faire deſignes.

Bul. Lord Marſhall, let me kiſſe my Soueraignes hand,
And bow my knee before his Maieſty:
For *Mowbray* and my ſelfe are like two men,
That vow a long and weary pilgrimage,
Then let vs take a ceremonius leaue
And loving farewell of our ſeverall friends.

Mar. The Appealant in all duty greets your Highnes,
And craves to kiſſe your hand, and take his leave.

Rich. We will deſcend, and fold him in our armes.
Coſin of *Hereford*, as thy cauſe is iuſt,
So be thy fortune in this royall fight:
Farewell, my blood, which if to day thou ſhead,

Lament

Lament we may, but not reuenge thee dead.

Bul. Oh let no Noble eye prophane a teare
For me, if I be goar'd with *Morbrayes* ſpeare:
As confident, as is the Falcons flight
Againſt a Bird, doe I with *Mowbray* fight.
My loving Lord, I take my leave of you,
Of you (my Noble Coſin) Lord *Aumerle*;
Not ſicke, although I have to doe with death,
But luſty, young, and chearely drawing breath.
Loe, as at Engliſh Feaſts, ſo I regreet
The daintieſt laſt, to make the end moſt ſweet.
Oh thou the earthy author of my blood,
Whoſe youthfull ſpirit in me regenerate,
Doth with a two-fold vigor lift me up
To reach at victory above my head,
Adde proofe unto mine Armour with thy prayers,
And with thy bleſſings ſteele my Lances-poynt,
That it may enter *Mowbayes* waxen Coate,
And furbiſh new the name of *Iohn a Gaunt*,
Even in the luſty haviour of his ſonne.

Gaunt. Heaven in thy good cauſe make thee proſp'rous,
Be ſwift like lightning in the execution,
And let thy blowes doubly redoubled,
Fall like amazing thunder on the Caske
Of thy amaz'd pernicious enemy.
Rouze up thy youthfull blood, be valiant, and live.

Bul. Mine innocence, and S. *George* to thrive.

Mow. How ever Heaven or fortune caſt my lot,
There lives, or dyes, true to King *Richards* Throne,
A loyall, iuſt, and upright Gentleman:
Never did Captiue with a freer heart,
Caſt off his chaines of bondage, and embrace
His golden uncontroul'd enfranchiſement,
More than my dancing ſoule doth celebrate
This Feaſt of Battle, with mine adverſary.
Moſt mighty Liege, and my companion Peeres,
Take from my mouth, the wiſh of happy yeares,
As gentle, and as jocond, as to jeſt,

Goe

Goe I to fight: Truth, hath a quiet breast.
Rich. Farewell, my Lord, securely I espie
Vertue with valour, couched in thine eye:
Order the tryall Marshall, and begin.
Mar. *Harry* of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby
Receive thy Lance, and heaven defend thy right.
Bul. Strong as a Towre in hope, I cry, Amen.
Mar. Goe beare this Lance to *Thomas* D. of Norfolke.
1 *Har.* *Harry* of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,
Stands here for God, his Soveraigne, and himselfe,
On paine to be found false and recreant,
To prove the Duke of Norfolke, *Thomas Mowbray*,
A Traytor to his God, his King, and him,
And dares him to set forwards to the fight.
2. *Har.* Here standeth *Tho. Mowbray* Duke of Norfolke
On paine to be found false and recreant,
Both to defend himselfe, and to approve
Henry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,
To God, his Soveraigne, and to him disloyall:
Couragiously, and with a free desire,
Attending but the signall to begin. *A charge sounded.*
Mar. Sound Trumpets, and set forward Combatants.
Stay, the King hath throwne his Warder downe.
Rich. Let them lay by their Helmets and their Speares,
And both returne backe to their Chaires againe:
Withdraw with us, and let the Trumpets sound,
While we returne these Dukes, what we decree.
A long flourish.
Draw neere and list
What with our councell we have done.
For that our Kingdomes earth should not be soyld
With that deare blood which it hath fostered,
And for our eyes doe hate the dire aspect
Of civill wounds plough'd up with neyghbours swords,
Which so rouz'd up with boystrous untun'd drummes,
With harsh resounding Trumpets dreadfull bray,
And grating shocke of wrathfull yron Armes,
Might from our quiet Confines fright faire Peace,
And

And make us wade even in our kindreds blood:
Therefore, we banish you our Territories.
You Cosin Hereford, upon paine of death,
Till twice five Summers have enrich'd our fields,
Shall not regreet our faire Dominions,
But tread the stranger paths of banishment.
Bul. Your will be done: this must my comfort be,
That Sunne that warmes you here shall shine on me:
And those his golden beames to you here lent,
Shall poynt on me, and gilde my banishment.
Rich. Norfolke: for thee remaines a heavier doome.
Which I with some unwillingnesse pronounce,
The slye slow houres shall not determinate
The dateless limit of thy deare exile:
The hopelesse word, of never to returne,
Breathe against thee, upon paine of life.
Mow. A heavy sentence my most Soveraigne Liege,
And all unlook'd for from your Highnesse mouth:
A deerer merit, not so deepe a maime,
As to be cast forth in the common ayre
Have I deserved at your Highnesse hands.
The Language I have learn'd these forty yeares
(My native English) now I must forgoe,
And now my tongues use is to me no more,
Then an unstringed Vyoll, or a Harpe,
Or like a cunning Instrument cas'd up,
Or being open, put into his hands
That knowes no touch to tune the harmony.
Within my mouth you have engaol'd my tongue
Doubly portcullist with my teeth and lips,
And dull, unfeeling, barren ignorance,
Is made my gaoler to attend on me:
I am too old to fawne upon a Nurse,
To farre in yeares to be a pupill now:
What is thy sentence then, but speechlesse death,
Which robs my tongue from breatheing native breath?
Rich. It boots thee not to be compassionate,
After our sentence, plaining comes too late.

Mow.

Mow. Then thus I turne me from my Countries light
To dwell in ſolemne ſhades of endleſſe night.
Rich. Returne againe and take an oath with thee,
Lay on our royall Sword, your baniſht hands,
Sweare by the duty that you owe to heaven
(Our part therein we baniſh with your ſelves)
To kepe the Oath that we adminiſter:
You never ſhall (ſo helpe you Truth and Heaven)
Embrace each others loue in baniſhment,
Nor ever looke upon each others face,
Nor ever writ, regreete, or reconcile
This lowring tempeſt of your home-bred hate,
Nor ever by adviſed purpoſe meet,
To plot, contrive, or complot any ill,
'Gainſt Vs our State, our Subjects, or our Land,
Bul. I ſweare.
Mow. And I to keepe all this.
Bul. Norfolke, ſo farre, as to mine enemy,
By this time (had the King permitted us)
One of our ſoules had wandred in the ayre,
Baniſh'd this frayle ſepulcher of our fleſh,
As now our fleſh is baniſh'd from this Land.
Confeſſe thy Treaſons, ere thou flie this Realme,
Since thou haſt farre to goe, beare not along
The clogging burthen of a guilty ſoule.
Mow. No *Bullingbrooke*: If ever I were Traitor,
My name be blotted from the Booke of Life,
And I from heaven baniſh'd, as from hence:
But what thou art, heaven, thou, and I doe know,
And all too ſoone (I feare) the King ſhall rue.
Farewell (my Liege) now no way can I ſtray,
Save backe to England, all the worlds my way.
Rich. Vncle, even in the glaſſes of thine eyes
I ſee thy grieved heart: thy ſad aſpect,
Hath from the number of his baniſh'd yeares
Pluck'd foure away: ſixe frozen Winters ſpent,
Returne with welcome home from baniſhment.
Bul. How long a time lyes in one little word:

Foure lagging Winters, and foure wanton Springs
End in a word, ſuch is the breath of Kings.
Gaunt. I thanke my Liege, that in regard of me
He ſhortens foure yeares of my ſonnes exile:
But little vantage ſhall I reape thereby.
For ere theſe ſixe yeares that he hath to ſpend
Can change the Moones, and bring their times about,
My oyle-dride Lampe, and time-bewaſted light
Shall be extinct with age, and endleſſe night:
My inch of Taper, will be burnt, and done,
And blindfold death, not let me ſee my ſonne.
Rich. Why Vncle, thou haſt many yeares to live.
Gaunt. But not a minute (King) that thou canſt give;
Shorten my dayes thou canſt with ſudden ſorrow,
And plucke nights from me, but not lend a morrow:
Thou canſt helpe time to furrow me with age,
But ſtop no wrincle in his pilgrimage:
Thy word is currant with him, for my death,
But dead, thy kingdome cannot buy my breath.
Rich. Thy ſonne is baniſh'd upon good aduice
Whereto thy tongue a party-verdict gave,
Why at our Iuſtice ſeem'ſt thou then to lowre?
Gaun. Things ſweet to taſt, prove in digeſtion ſowre:
You urg'd me as a Iudge, but I had rather
You would have bid me argue like a Father.
Alas, I look'd when ſome of you ſhould ſay,
I was too ſtrict to make mine owne away:
But you gave leave to my unwilling tongue,
Againſt my will, to do my ſelfe this wrong.
Rich. Coſin farewell: and Vncle bid him ſo:
Six yeares we baniſh him, and he ſhall go. *Exit.*

Flouriſh.

Au. Coſin farewell; what preſence muſt not know
From where you do remaine, let paper ſhow.
Mar. My Lord, no leave take I, for I will ride
As farre as land will let me, by your ſide.
Gaunt. Oh to what purpoſe doſt thou hord thy words,
That thou return'ſt no greeting to thy friends?

Bul. I haue too few to take my leave of you,
When the tongues office should be prodigall,
To breath th' abundant dolour of the heart.
Gau. Thy griefe is but thy absence for a time.
Bul. Ioy absent, griefe is present for that time.
Gau. What is sixe Winters, they are quickly gone?
Bul. To men in joy, but griefe makes one houre ten.
Gau. Call it a travell, that thou takest for pleasure.
Bul. My heart will sigh, when I miscall it so,
Which finds it an inforced Pilgrimage.
Gaunt. The sullen passage of thy weary steps
Esteeme a foyle, wherein thou art to set
The precious Iewell of thy home returne.
Bul. Oh who can hold a fire in his hand
By thinking on the frosty *Caucasus*?
Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite,
By bare imagination of a feast?
Or wallow naked in December snow
By thinking on phantastick Summers heate?
Oh no, the apprehension of the good
Giues but the greater feeling to the worse:
Fell sorrowes tooth, doth ever rankle more
Then when it bites, but lanceth not the sore.
Gau. Come, come (my sonne) Ile bring thee on thy way
Had I thy youth, and cause, I would not stay.
Bul. Then Englands ground farewell; sweet soyle adieu,
My Mother, and my Nurse, which beares me yet:
Where ere I wander, boast of this I can,
Though banish'd, yet a true-borne Englishman.

Scæna Quarta.

Enter King, Aumerle, Greene, and Bagot.

Rich. We did obserue. Cosin *Aumerle*,
How farre brought you high *Hereford* on his way.

Aum.

Aum. I brought high Hereford (if you call him so)
But to the next high way, and there I left him.
Rich. And say, what store of parting teares were shed?
Aum. Faith none by me: except the Northeast wind
Which then blew bitterly against our face,
Awak'd the sleepy rhewme, and so by chance
Did grace our hollow parting with a teare.
Rich. What said our Cosin when you parted with him?
Aum. Farewell: & for my heart disdained that my tongue
Should so prophane the word, that taught me craft
To counterfeit oppression of such griefe,
That word seem'd buried in my sorrowes grave.
Marry, would the word farewell, had lengthen'd houres,
And added yeeres to his short banishment,
He should have had a volume of Farewels,
But since it would not, he had none of me.
Rich. He is our Cosin (Cosin) but 'tis doubt,
When time shall call him home from banishment,
Whether our kinsman come to see his friends,
Our selfe, and *Bushy*, *Bagot* here and *Greene*
Obseru'd his Courtship to the common people:
How he did seeme to dive into their hearts,
With humble, and familiar courtesie,
What reverence he did throw away on slaves;
Wooing poore Craftesmen, with the craft of smiles,
And patient under-bearing of his Fortune,
As 'twere to banish their affects with him.
Off goes his bonnet to an Oyster-wench,
A brace of Dray-men bid God speed him well,
And had the tribute of his supple knee,
With thankes my Countrimen, my Loving friends,
As were our England in reuersion his,
And he our subjects next degree in hope.
Gr. Well, he is gone, and with him goe these thoughts
Now for the Rebels, which stand out in *Ireland*,
Expedient manage must be made my Liege
Ere further leysure, yeeld the further meanes
For their aduantage, and your highnesse losse.

Rich.

Rich. We will our ſelfe in perſon to this warre;
And for our Coffers, with too great a Court,
And liberall Largeſſe, are growne ſomewhat light,
We are enforc'd to farme our royall Realme,
The revenew whereof ſhall furniſh us
For our affaires in hand: if they come ſhort.
Our ſubſtitutes at home ſhall have Blancke-charters:
Whereto, when they ſhall know what men are rich,
They ſhall ſubſcribe them for large ſummes of Gold,
And ſend them after to ſupply our wants:
For we will make for Ireland preſently.

Enter Buſhy.

Buſhy, what newes?

Bu. Old *Iohn a Gaunt* is very ſicke my Lord,
Sodainely taken, and hath ſent poſt haſte
To entreat your Maieſty to viſite him.

Rich. Where lyes he?

Bu. At Ely-houſe.

Rich. Now put it (heaven) in his Phyſitians mind,
To helpe him to his grave immediately:
The linning of his coffers ſhall make Coates
To decke our Souldiers for theſe Iriſh warres.
Come Gentlemen, let's all go viſit him:
Pray heaven we may make haſte, and come too late. *Exit.*

Actus Secundus, Scæna Prima.

Enter Gaunt ſicke, with the Duke of Yorke.

Gau. Will the King come, that I may breath my laſt
In wholſome counſell to his unſtayd youth?

Yor. Vex not your ſelfe, nor ſtrive not with your breath
For all in vaine comes counſell to his eare.

Gau. Oh but (they ſay) the tongues of dying men
Inforce attention, like deepe harmony;

Where words are ſcarſe, they are ſeldome ſpent in vaine,
For they breath truth, that breath their words in paine.
He that no more muſt ſay, is liſten'd more
Then they whom youth and eaſe have taught to gloſe,
More are mens ends mark'd, then their lives before,
The ſetting Sunne, and muſicke is the cloſe
As the laſt taſte of ſweetes, is ſweeteſt laſt,
Writ in remembrance, more then things long paſt:
Though *Richard* my lives counſell would not heare,
My deaths ſad tale, may yet un-deafe his eare.

Yor. No, it is ſtopt with other flatt'ring ſounds
As prayſes of his ſtate: then there are found
Lacivious Meeters, to whoſe venome ſound
The open eares of youth doth alwaies liſten.
Report of faſhions in proud Italy,
Whoſe manners ſtill our tardy apiſh Nation
Limpes after in baſe imitation.
Where doth the world thruſt forth a vanity,
So it be new, there's no reſpect how vile,
That is not quickly buzz'd into their eares?
That all too late comes counſell to be heard,
Where will doth mutiny with wits regard:
Direct not him, whoſe way himſelfe will choſe,
Tis breath thou lackſt, and that breath wilt thou looſe.

Gaunt. Me thinkes I am a Prophet new inſpir'd,
And thus expiring doe foretell of him,
His raſh fierce blaze of Ryot cannot laſt,
For violent fires ſoone burne out themſelues;
Small ſhoures laſt long, but ſodaine ſtormes are ſhort,
He tyres betimes, that ſpurs too faſt betimes;
With eager feeding food doth choake the feeder;
Light vanity, inſatiat cormorant,
Conſuming meanes ſoone preyes upon it ſelfe.
This royall Throne of Kings, this Sceptred Iſle,
This earth of Majeſty, this ſeate of Mars,
This other Eden, demy Paradiſe,
This Fortres built by nature for her ſelfe,
Againſt infection, and the hand of warre:

This happy breed of men, this little world,
This precious stone set in the silver Sea,
Which serves it in the office of a wall,
Or as a Moate defensiue to a house,
Against the enuy of less happier Lands,
This blessed plot, this Earth this Realme, this England,
This Nurse, this teeming wombe of Royall Kings,
Fear'd by their breed, and famous for their birth,
Renowned for their deeds, as farre from home,
For Christian service and true Chivalry,
As is the sepulcher in stubborne *Iury*
Of the worlds ransome, blessed *Maries* sonne.
This Land of such deare soules, this deare deare Land,
Deare for her reputation through the world,
Is now Leas'd out (I dye pronouncing it)
Like to a Tenement, or pelting Farme.
England bound in with the triumphant Sea,
Whose rocky shore beates backe the envious siedge
Of watry Neptune, is now bound in with shame,
With Inky blottes, and rotten Parchment bonds.
That England that was wont to conquer others,
Hath made a shamefull conquest of it selfe.
Ah, would the scandall vanish with my life,
How happy then were my ensuing death?

Enter King, Queene, Aumerle, Bushy, Greene, Bagot, Ros, and Willoughby.

Yor. The King is come, deale mildly with his youth,
For young hot Coalts, being rag'd, doe rage the more.

Qu. How fares our noble Vncle, *Lancaster*?

Ri. What comfort man? How is't with aged *Gaunt*?

Ga. Oh how that name befits my composition:
Old *Gaunt* indeed, and gaunt in being old:
Within me griefe hath kept a teadious fast,
And who abstaines from meate, that is not gaunt:
For sleeping England long time have I watcht,
Watching breeds leanesse, leanesse is all gaunt:
The pleasure that some Fathers feed upon,

Is my strict fast, I meane my Childrens lookes,
And therein fasting, hast thou made me gaunt:
Gaunt am I for the grave, gaunt as a grave,
Whose hollow wombe inherits nought but bones.

Rich. Can sicke men play so nicely with their names?

Gau. No, misery makes sport to mocke it selfe:
Since thou dost seeke to kill my name in me,
I mocke my name (great King) to flatter thee.

Ric. Should dying men flatter those that live?

Gau. No, no, man living flatter those that dye.

Ric. Thou now a dying, sayst thou flatterst me.

Gau. O no, thou dyest, though I the sicker be.

Rich. I am in health I breathe, I see thee ill.

Gau. Now he that made me, knowes I see thee ill:
Ill in my selfe to see, and in thee, seeing ill,
Thy death-bed is no lesser then the Land,
Wherein thou lyest in reputation sicke,
And thou too careless-patient as thou art,
Commit'st thy annoynted body to the cure
Of those Physitions, that first wounded thee:
A thousand flatterers sit within thy Crowne,
Whose compasse is no bigger then thy hand,
And yet encaged in so small a Verge,
The waste is no whit lesser then thy Land,
Oh had thy Grandsir with a Prophets eye,
Seene how his sonnes sonne, should destroy his sonnes,
From forth thy reach he would have layd thy shame,
Deposing thee before thou wert possest,
Which art possest now to depose thy selfe,
Why (Cosin) were thou Regent of the world,
It were a shame to let this Land by lease:
But for thy world enioying but this Land,
Is it not more then shame, to shame it so?
Landlord of England art thou, and not King:
Thy state of Law, is bondslave to the Law,
And ——

Rich. And thou, a lunatike leane-witted foole,
Presuming on an Agues priveledge,

Dar'ſt with thy frozen admonition
Make pale our cheeke, chaſing the Royall blood
With fury, from his native reſidence?
Now by my Seates right Royall Maieſty,
Wert thou not brother to great *Edwards* ſonne,
This tongue that runnes ſo roundly in thy head,
Should runne thy head from thy unreverent ſhoulders.
Gau. Oh ſpare me not, my brother *Edwards* ſonne,
For that I was his father *Edwards* ſonne:
That blood already (like the Pellican)
Thou haſt tapt out, and drunkenly carows'd.
My brother *Glocester*, plaine well meaning ſoule,
(Whom faire befall in heaven 'mongſt happy ſoules)
May be a preſident, and witneſſe good,
That thou reſpect'ſt not ſpilling *Edwards* blood:
Ioyne with the preſent ſickeneſſe that I haue,
And thy unkindneſſe be like crooked age,
To crop at once a too-long wither'd flowre.
Live in thy ſhame, but dye not ſhame with thee,
Theſe words hereafter, thy tormentors be.
Convey me to my bed, then to my grave.
Love they to live, that love and honour have. *Exit.*
Rich. And let them dye, that age and ſullens have,
For both haſt thou, and both become the grave.
Yor. I doe beſeech your Maieſty impute his words
To wayward ſicklineſſe, and age in him:
He loues you on my life, and holds you deare
As *Harry* Duke of *Hereford*, were he here.
Rich. Right, you ſay true: as *Herefords* love, ſo his;
As theirs, ſo mine: and all be as it is.

Enter Northumberland.

Nor. My Liege, old *Gaunt* commends him to your Maieſty.
Rich. What ſayes he?
Nor. Nay nothing, all is ſayd:
His tongue is now a ſtringleſſe inſtrument.
Words, life, and all, old *Lancaſter* hath ſpent.

Yor.

Yor. Be Yorke the next, that muſt be bankrupt ſo,
Though death be poore, it ends a mortall wo.
Rich. The ripeſt fruit firſt fals, and ſo doth he,
His time is ſpent, our pilgrimage muſt be:
So much for that. Now for our Iriſh warres,
We muſt ſupplant thoſe rough rug-headed Kernes,
Which live like venom, where no venom elſe
But onely they have privelledge to live.
And for theſe great affaires do aske ſome charge
Towards our aſſiſtance, we doe ſeize to us
The plate, coyne, and revennews, and moveables,
Whereof our Vncle *Gaunt* did ſtand poſſeſt,
Yor. How long ſhall I be patient? Oh how long
Shall tender duty make me ſuffer wrong?
Not *Gloſters* death, nor *Herefords* baniſhment,
Nor *Gaunts* rebukes, nor Englands private wrongs,
Nor the prevention of poore *Bullingbrooke*,
About his marriage, nor my owne diſgrace
Have ever made me ſowre my patient cheeke,
Or bend one wrinkle on my ſoveraignes face:
I am the laſt of noble *Edwards* ſonnes,
Of whom thy father Prince of Wales was firſt:
In warres was never Lyon rag'd more fierce:
In peace, was never gentle Lambe more mild,
Then was that young and Princely Gentleman:
His face thou haſt, for even ſo look'd he
Accompliſh'd with the number of thy howers:
But when he frown'd, it was againſt the French,
And not againſt his friends: his noble hand
Did win what he did ſpend: and ſpent not that
Which his triumphant fathers hand had won:
His hands were guilty of no kindreds blood,
But bloody with the enemies of his kinne:
Oh *Richard*, *Yorke* is too farre gone with griefe,
Or elſe he never would compare betweene.
Rich. Why Vncle,
What's the matter?
Yor. Oh my Liege, pardon me if you pleaſe, if not

I pleas'd not to be pardon'd, am content with all:
Seeke you to ſeize, and gripe into your hands
The Royalties and Rightes of baniſh'd *Hereford*?
Is not *Gaunt* dead? and doth not *Hereford* live?
Was not *Gaunt* juſt? and is not *Harry* true?
Did not the one deſerve to have an heyre?
Is not his heyre a well-deſerving ſonne?
Take *Herefords* rights away, and take from time
His Charters, and his cuſtomarie rights:
Let not to morrow then inſue to day,
Be not thy ſelfe. For how art thou a King
But by faire ſequence and ſucceſſion?
Now afore God, God forbid I ſay true,
If you doe wrongfully ſeize *Herefords* right,
Call in his Letters Patents that he hath
By his Atturneyes generall, to ſue
His Livery, and deny his offer'd homage,
You plucke a thouſand dangers on your head,
You looſe a thouſand well-diſpoſed hearts,
And pricke my tender patience to thoſe thoughts
Which honor and allegeance cannot thinke.

Ric. Thinke what you will: we ſeiſe into our hands,
His plate, his goods, his money, and his lands.

Yor. Ile not be by the while: My Leige farewell,
What will enſue hereof, there's none can tell,
But by bad courſes may be underſtood.
That their events can never fall out good. *Exit.*

Rich. Goe *Buſhie* to the Earle of *Wiltſhire* ſtreight,
Bid him repaire to us to *Ely* Houſe,
To ſee this buſineſſe: to morrow next
We will for *Ireland*, and 'tis time, I trow:
And we create in abſence of our ſelfe
Our Vncle *Yorke*, Lord Governer of England:
For he is juſt, and alwayes lov'd us well.
Come on our Queene, to morrow muſt we part,
Be merry, for our time of ſtay is ſhort. *Flouriſh.*

Manet North. Willoughby, and Roſſ.

Nor. Well Lords, the Duke of Lancaſter is dead.

Roſſ. And living too, for now his ſonne is Duke.

Will. Barely in title, not in revennew.

Nor. Richly in both, if juſtice had her right.

Roſſ. My heart is great: but it muſt breake with ſilence
Eer't be diſburthen'd with a liberall tongue.

Nor. Nay ſpeake thy mind & let him ne'r ſpeake more
That ſpeakes thy words againe to doe thee harme.

Wil. Tends that thou'dſt ſpeake to th' D. of Hereford?
If it be ſo, out with it boldly man:
Quicke is mine eare to heare of good towards him.

Roſſ. No good at all that I can doe for him,
Vnleſſe you call it good to pity him,
Bereft and gelded of his patrimony.

Nor. Now afore heaven, 'ts ſhame ſuch wrongs are borne,
In him a royall Prince, and many moe
Of noble blood in this declintng Land;
The King is not himſelfe, but baſely led
By flatterers, and what they will informe
Meerely in hate 'gainſt any of us all:
That will the King ſeverely proſecute
'Gainſt us, our lives, our children, and our heires.

Roſſ. The Commons hath he pill'd with grievous taxes
And quite loſt their hearts: the Nobles hath he fin'd
For ancient quarrels, and quite loſt their hearts.

Wil. And daily new exactions are deviſ'd,
As blankes, benevolences, and I wot not what:
But what o' Gods name doth become of this?

Nor. Warres hath not waſted it, for warr'd he hath not,
But baſely yeelded upon comprimize,
That which his Anceſtors atchieu'd with blowes:
More hath he ſpent in peace, then they in warres.

Roſſ. The Earle of Wiltſhire hath the Realme in farme.

Wil. The King's growne bankrupt like a broken man.

Nor. Reproach, and deſolution hangeth over him.

Roſſ. He hath not money for theſe Iriſh warres:
(His burthenous taxations notwithſtanding)
But by the robbing of the baniſh'd Duke.

Nor. His noble Kinſman, moſt degenerate King:
But Lords, we heare this fearefull tempeſt ſing
Yet ſeeke no ſhelter to avoyd the ſtorme:
We ſee the winde ſit ſore upon our ſailes,
And yet we ſtrike not, but ſecurely periſh.
Roſ. We ſee the very wracke that we muſt ſuffer,
And unavoyded is the danger now
For ſuffering ſo the cauſes of our wracke.
Nor. Not ſo; even through the hollow eyes of death,
I ſpie life peering: but I dare not ſay,
How neere the tidings of our comfort is.
Wil. Nay, let us ſhare thy thoughts, as thou doſt ours.
Roſ. Be confident to ſpeake Northumberland,
We three, are but thy ſelfe, and ſpeaking ſo,
Thy words are but as thoughts, therefore be bold.
Nor. Then thus: I have from Port *le Blan*
A Bay in *Britaine*, receiv'd intelligence,
That *Harry* Duke of *Hereford*, *Raynald* Lord *Cobham*,
That late broke from the Duke of *Exeter*,
His brother Archbiſhop, late of *Canterbury*,
Sir *Thomas Erpingham*, Sir *John Ramſton*,
Sir *John Norbery*, Sir *Robert Waterton*, and *Francis Quoint*,
All theſe well furniſh'd by the Duke of *Brittaine*,
With eight tall ſhips, three thouſand men of warre
Are making hither with all due expedience,
And ſhortly meane to touch our Northerne ſhore:
Perhaps they had ere this, but that they ſtay
The firſt departing of the King for Ireland.
If then we ſhall ſhake off our ſlaviſh yoake,
Iumpe out our drooping Countries broken wing,
Redeeme from broken pawne, the blemiſh'd Crowne,
Wipe off the duſt that hides the Scepters gilt,
And make high Majeſty looke like it ſelfe,
Away with me in poſte to *Ravenſpurgh*,
But if you faint, as fearing to doe ſo,
Stay and be ſecret and my ſelfe will goe.
Roſ. To horſe, to horſe, urge doubts to them that feare.
Wil. Hold out my horſe, and I will firſt be there. *Exeu.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Queene, Buſhy, and Bagot.

Buſh. Madam, your Majeſty is too much ſad,
You promis'd when you parted with the King,
To lay aſide ſelfe-harming heavineſſe,
And entertaine a cheerefull diſpoſition.
Qu. To pleaſe the King, I did: to pleaſe my ſelfe
I cannot doe it: yet I know no cauſe
Why I ſhould welcome ſuch a gueſt as griefe,
Save bidding farewell to ſo ſweet a gueſt
As my ſweet *Richard*, yet againe me thinkes
Some unborne ſorrow ripe in fortunes wombe
Is comming towards me, and my inward ſoule
With nothing trembles, at ſomething it grieves,
More than with parting from my Lord the King.
Buſh. Each ſubſtance of a griefe hath twenty ſhadows
Which ſhewes like griefe it ſelfe, but is not ſo:
For ſorrowes eye glazed with blinding teares,
Divides one thing intire, to many objects
Like perſpectives, which rightly gaz'd upon
Shew nothing but confuſion, ey'd awry,
Diſtinguiſht forme: ſo your ſweet Maieſty
Looking awry upon your Lords departure,
Find ſhapes of griefe, more then himſelfe to waile,
Which look'd on as it is, is nought but ſhadowes
Of what it is not, then thrice-gracious Queene,
More then your Lords departure weepe not, more's not ſeene;
Or if it be, tis with falſe ſorrows eye,
Which for things true, weepe things imaginary.
Qu. It may be ſo, but yet my inward ſoule
Perſwades me it is otherwiſe how ere it be,
I cannot but be ſad: ſo heavy ſad.

As though on thinking on no thought I thinke,
Makes me with heavy nothing faint and ſhrinke.
Buſh. 'Tis nothing but conceit (my gracious Lady.)
Qu. 'Tis nothing leſſe: conceit is ſtill deriu'd
From ſome fore father greefe, mine is not ſo,
For nothing hath begot my ſomething griefe,
Or ſomething, hath the nothing that I grieve,
'Tis in reverſion that I doe poſſeſſe,
But what it is, that is not yet knowne, what
I cannot name, 'tis nameleſſe woe I wot. *Enter Green.*
Gree. Heaven ſave your Majeſty, and well met Gentle-
I hope the King is not yet ſhipt for Ireland. (men;
Qu. Why hop'ſt thou ſo? 'Tis better hope he is:
For his deſignes crave haſte, good hope,
Then wherefore doſt thou hope he is not ſhipt?
Gree. That he our hope, might have retyr'd his power,
And driven into deſpaire an enemies hope,
Who ſtrongly hath ſet footing in this Land,
The baniſh'd *Bullingbrooke* repeales himſelfe,
And with up-lifted Armes is ſafe arriu'd
At *Rauenſpurg*.
Qu. Now God in heaven forbid.
Gree. O Maddam 'tis too true: and that is worſe,
The L. Northumberland, his young ſonne, *Henry Percy*,
The Lords of Roſſe, *Beaumond*, and *Willoughby*.
With all their powerfull friends are fled to him.
Buſh. Why have you not proclaim'd Northumberland
And the reſt of the revolted faction, Traytors?
Gree. We have: whereupon the Earle of Worceſter
Hath broke his ſtaffe, reſign'd his Stewardſhip, (*brook*
And all the houſhold ſeruants fled with him to *Bullen*.
Qu. So *Greene*, thou art the Midwife of my woe,
And *Bullingbrooke* my ſorrowes diſmall heyre:
Now hath my ſoule brought forth her prodigy,
And I a gaſping new delivered mother,
Haue woe to woe, ſorrow to ſorrow ioyn'd.
Buſh. Deſpaire not Madam.
Qu. Who ſhall hinder me?

I will

I will deſpaire, and be at emnity
With couzening hope; he is a flatterer,
A Paraſite, a keeper backe of death,
Who gently would diſſolve the bands of life,
Which falſe hopes linger in extremity.
Enter Yorke.
Gree. Here comes the Duke of Yorke.
Qu. With ſignes of warre about his aged necke,
Oh full of carefull buſineſſe are his lookes:
Vncle, for heavens ſake ſpeake comfortable words.
Yor. Comfort's in Heaven, and we are on the earth,
Where nothing lives but croſſes, care, and griefe:
Your husband he is gone to ſave farre off,
Whilſt others come to make his looſe at home:
Here am I left to underprop his Land,
Who weake with age, cannot ſupport my ſelfe:
Now comes his ſicke houre that his ſurfeit made,
Now ſhall he try his friends that flattered him.
Enter a Servant.
Ser. My Lord, your ſonne was gone before I came.
Yor. He was: why ſo, goe all which way it will:
The Nobles they are fled, the Commons they are cold,
And will I feare revolt on *Herefords* ſide.
Sirra, get thee to Plaſhy to my ſiſter *Gloſter*,
Bid her ſend me preſently a thouſand pound,
Hold, take my Ring.
Ser. My Lord, I had forgot
To tell your Lordſhip, to day I came by, and call'd there,
But I ſhall grieve you to report the reſt.
Yor. What is't knave?
Ser. An houre before I came, the Dutcheſſe di'de.
Yo. Heaven for his mercy, what a tide of woes
Come ruſhing on this wofull Land at once?
I know not what to doe: I would to heaven
(So my vntruth hath not provok'd him to it)
The King had cut off my head with my brothers.
What, are there poſtes diſpatcht for Ireland?
How ſhall we doe for money for theſe warres?

Com

Come ſiſter (Coſin I would ſay) pray pardon me
Goe fellow, get thee home, provide ſome Carts,
And bring away the Armour that is there.
Gentlemen, will you muſter men?
If I know how, or which way to order theſe affaires
Thus diſorderly thruſt into my hands.
Never beleeve me. Both are my kinſmen,
Th'one is my Soveraigne, whom both my oath
And duty bids defend: the other againe
Is my kinſman, whom the King hath wrong'd,
Whom conſcience, and my kindred bids to right,
Well, ſomewhat we muſt doe: Come Coſin,
Ile diſpoſe of you. Gentlemen goe muſter up your men,
And meet me preſently at Barkley Caſtle:
I ſhould to Plaſhy too, but time will not permit,
All is uneven, and every thing is left at ſix and ſeven. *Ex.*
Buſh. The wind ſits faire for newes to goe to Ireland,
But none returnes: for us to levy power
Proportionable to th'enemy, is all impoſſible.
Gree. Beſides our neereneſſe to the King in love,
Is neere the hate of thoſe love not the King.
Bag. And, that's the wavering Commons, for their love
Lies in their purſes, and whoſo empties them,
By ſo much fils their hearts with deadly hate.
Buſh. Therein the King ſtands generally condemn'd.
Bag. If judgement lye in them, then ſo doe we,
Becauſe we have beene ever neere the King.
Gree. Well: I will for refuge ſtreight to Briſtoll Caſtle,
The Earle of Wiltſhire is already there.
Buſh. Thither will I with you, for little office
Will the hatefull Commons performe for us,
Except like Curres, to teare us all in pieces:
Will you goe along with us?
Bag. No, I will to Ireland to his Maieſty:
Farewell, if hearts preſages be not vaine,
We three here part, that nev'r ſhall meete againe.
Bu. That's as *Yorke* thrives to beate backe *Bullinbrooke*.
Gr. Alas poore Duke, the taske he undertakes

Is numbring ſands, and drinking Oceans dry,
Where one on his ſide fights, thouſands will flye.
Buſh. Farewell at once, for once, for all, and ever.
Well, we may meet againe.
Bag. I feare me never. *Exit.*

Scæna Tertia.

Enter the Duke of Hereford, and Northumberland.

Bul. How farre is it my Lord to Barkley now?
Nor. Beleeve me noble Lord,
I am a ſtranger here in *Gloſterſhire*.
Theſe high wide hils, and rough uneven wayes;
Drawes out our miles, and makes them wearyſome:
And yet our faire diſcourſe hath beene as Sugar,
Making the hard way ſweet and delectable:
But I bethinke me, what a weary way
From Ravenſpurgh to Cottſhold will be found,
In *Roſſe* and *Willoughby*, wanting your company?
Which I proteſt hath very much beguild
The teadiouſneſſe, and proceſſe of my travell:
But theirs is ſweetned with the hope to have
The preſent benefit that I poſſeſſe:
And hope to joy, is little leſſe in joy,
Then hope enjoy'd: By this the weary Lords
Shall make their way ſeeme ſhort, as mine hath done,
By ſight of what I have, your Noble company.
Bul. Of much leſſe valew is my company
Then your good words: but who comes here?

Enter H. Percy.

Nor. It is my ſonne, young *Harry Percy*,
Sent from my brother *Worceſter*: whenceſoever,
Harry how fares your Vncle?

Percy. I had thought, my Lord, to have learn'd his
health of you.
Nor. Why is he not with the Queene?
Percy. No, my good Lord, he hath forsooke the Court,
Broken his Staffe of Office, and dispers't
The Houshold of the King.
Nor. What was his reason?
He was not so resolv'd, when we last spake together.
Percy. Because your Lordship was proclaimed Traytor.
But he, my Lord, is gone to Ravenspurgh,
To offer service to the Duke of Hereford,
And sent me over by Barkely, to discover
What power the Duke of Yorke had levied there,
Then with direction to repaire to Ravenspurgh.
Nor. Have you forgot the Duke of Hereford (Boy?)
Percy. No, my good Lord; for that is not forgot
Which ne're I did remember: to my knowledge,
I never in my life did looke on him.
Nor. Then learne to know him now: this is the Duke.
Percy. My gracious Lord, I tender you my service,
Such as it is, being tender, raw, and young,
Which elder dayes shall ripen, and confirme
To more approved service and desert.
Bul. I thanke thee gentle *Percy*, and be sure
I count my selfe in nothing else so happy,
As in a soule remembring my good friends:
And as my fortune ripens with my love,
It shall be still thy true loves recompence,
My heart this covenant makes, my hand thus seales it.
Nor. How farre is it to Barkley? and what stirre
Keepes good old *Yorke* there, with his men of warre?
Percy. There stands the Castle, by yond tuft of Trees,
Mann'd with three hundred men, as I have heard,
And in it are the Lords of *Yorke*, *Barkely*, and *Seymor*,
None else of Name, and noble estimate.

Enter Rosse, and Willoughby.

Nor. Here comes the Lords of *Rosse*, and *Willoughby*,
Bloody

Bloody with spurring, fiery red with hast.
Bul. Welcome my Lords, I wot your love pursues
A banisht Traytor; all my Treasury
Is yet but unfelt thankes, which more enrich'd,
Shall be your love, and labours recompence.
Ros. Your presence makes vs rich, most Noble Lord.
Wil. And farre surmounts our labour to attaine it,
Bul. Evermore thankes, th'Exchequer of the poore,
Which till my infant-fortune comes to yeares,
Stands for my bounty: but who comes here?

Enter Barkely.

Nor. It is my Lord of *Barkely* as I guesse.
Bark. My Lord of Hereford, my message is to you.
Bul. My Lord, my answer is to *Lancaster*,
And I am come to seeke that name in England,
And I must find that Title in your Towne,
Before I make reply to ought you say.
Bark. Mistake me not, my Lord, 'tis not my meaning
To raze one title of your honour out.
To you, my Lord, I come (what Lord you will)
From the most glorious of this Land,
The Duke of *Yorke*, to know what pricks you on
To take advantage of the absent time,
And fright our native peace with selfe-borne Armes.

Enter Yorke.

Bul. I shall not need transport my words by you,
Here comes his Grace in person. My Noble Vncle.
Yor. Shew me thy humble Heart, and not thy Knee,
Whose duty is deceivable and false,
Bul. My gracious Vncle.
Yor. Tut, tut, Grace me no Grace, nor Vncle me,
I am no Traytors Vncle; and that word Grace,
In an ungracious mouth, is but prophane.
Why have these banish'd, and forbidden Legges,
Dar'd once to touch the dust of Englands Ground?
But more then why, why have they dar'd to march
So many miles upon her peacefull Bosome,
Frighting her pale fac'd Villages with Warre,

And oftentation of despised Armes?
Com'st thou because th'anoynted King is hence?
Why foolish Boy, the King is left behind,
And in my loyall Bosome lyes his power.
Were I but now the Lord of such hot youth,
As when braue *Gaunt* thy Father, and thy selfe,
Rescued the *blacke Prince*, that young *Mars* of men,
From forth the Rankes of many thousand French:
Oh then, how quickly should this Arme of mine,
Now prisoner to the Plashy, chastise thee,
And minister correction to thy fault.

Bul. My gracious Vncle, let me know my fault,
On what condition stands it, and wherein?

Yor. Even in condition of the worst degree,
In grosse Rebellion, and detested Treason:
Thou art a banish'd man, and here art come
Before th' expiration of thy time,
In braving Armes against thy Soveraigne.

Bul. As I was banish'd, I was banish'd *Hereford*,
But as a I come, I come for *Lancaster*.
And noble Vncle, I beseech your Grace
Looke on my wrongs with an indifferent eye:
You are my Father, for me thinkes in you
I see old *Gaunt* alive. Oh then my Father,
Will you permit, that I shall stand condemn'd
A wandring Vagabond, my Rights and Royalties
Pluckt from my armes perforce, and given away
To upstart unthrifts? Wherefore was I borne?
If that my Cousin King, be King of England,
It must be granted, I am Duke of Lancaster.
You have a sonne, *Aumerle*, my Noble Kinsman,
Had you first died, and he bin thus trod downe,
He should have found his Vncle *Gaunt* a father,
To rowze his wrongs, and chase them to the bay.
I am denyde to sue my Livery here,
And yet my Letters Pattens give me leave;
My fathers goods are all distraynd, and sold,
And these, and all amisse imployd.

What would you have me doe? I am a subiect,
And challenge Law, Attorneyes are denyd me,
And therefore personally I lay my claime
To mine inheritance of free Descent.

Nor. The Noble Duke hath beene too much abus'd.

Ros. It stands your Grace upon to doe him right,

Wil. Base men by his endowments are made great.

Yor. My Lords of England, let me tell you this,
I have had feeling of my Cosins wrongs,
And labour'd all I could to doe him right:
But in this kind, to come in braving Armes,
Be his owne Carver, and cut out his way,
To find out Right with wrongs, it may not be;
And you that doe abeit him in this kind,
Cherish Rebellion, and are Rebels all.

Yor. The Noble Duke hath sworne his comming is
But for his owne; and for the right of that,
We all have strongly sworne to give him ayd,
And let him nev'r see joy, that breaks that oath.

Yor. Well, well, I see the issue of these Armes,
I cannot mend it, I must needs confesse,
Because my power is weake, and all ill left:
But if I could, by him that gave me life,
I would attach you all, and make you stoope
Vnto the Soveraigne mercy of the King:
But since I cannot, be it knowne to you,
I doe remaine as Neuter. So fare you well,
Vnlesse you please to enter in the Castle,
And there repose you for this Night.

Bul. An offer Vncle, that we will accept:
But we must winne your Grace to goe with us
To Bristoll Castle, which they say is held
By *Bushie*, *Bagot*, and their Complices,
The Caterpillers of the Commonwealth,
Which I have sworne to weede, and pluke away.

Yor. It may be I will goe with you, but yet ile pawse,
For I am loth to breake our Countries Lawes:
Nor Friends, nor Foes, to me welcome you are,

Things paſt redreſſe, are now with me paſt care. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Quarta.

Enter Salisbury and a Captaine.

Capt. My Lord of Salisbury, we have ſtayd ten dayes,
And hardly kept our Countrymen together,
And yet we heare no tidings from the King:
Therefore we will diſperſe our ſelves: farewell.
Sal. Stay yet another day, thou truſty Welchman,
The King repoſeth all his confidence in thee.
Capt. 'Tis thought the King is dead, we will not ſtay;
The Bay-trees in our Country all are wither'd,
The Meteors fright the fixed Starres of Heaven;
The pale-fac'd Moone lookes bloody on the Earth,
And leane-lookt Prophets whi'per fearefull change;
Rich men looke ſad, and Ruffians dance and leape,
The one in feare, to loſe what they enioy,
The other to enjoy by Rage, and Warre:
Theſe ſignes fore-run the death of Kings.
Farewell, our Countrymen are gone and fled,
As well aſſur'd *Richard* their King is dead. *Exit.*
Sal. Ah *Richard*, with eyes of heauy mind,
I ſee thy Glory, like a ſhooting Starre,
Fall to the baſe Earth, from the Firmament:
Thy Sunne ſets weeping in the lowly Weſt.
Witneſſing ſtormes to come, woe, and unreſt:
Thy friends are fled, to waite upon thy foes,
And croſſely to thy good, all fortune goes. *Exit.*

Actus

Actus Tertius, Scæna Prima.

Enter Bullingbrooke, Yorke, Northumberland, Roſſe, Percy, Willoughby; with Buſhy and Greene, priſoners.

Bul. Bring forth theſe men:
Buſhy and *Greene*, I will not vex your ſoules,
(Since preſently your ſoules muſt part your bodies)
With two much urging your pernitious liues,
For 'twere no Charity: yet to waſh your blood
From off my hands, here in the view of men,
I will unfold ſome cauſes of your deaths,
You have miſ-led a Prince, a royall King,
A happy Gentleman in Blood, and Lineaments,
By you unhappied, and diſfigur'd cleane:
You have in manner with your ſinfull houres
Made a Divorce betwixt his Queene and him,
Broke the Poſſeſſion of a Royall Bed,
And ſtayn'd the beauty of a faire Queenes Cheekes,
With teares drawne from her eyes, with your foule wrongs.
My ſelfe a Prince, by fortune of my birth,
Neere to the King in Blood, and neere in love,
Till you did make him miſ-interpret me,
Have ſtoopt my necke under your iniuries,
And ſigh'd my Engliſh breath in forraigne Clouds,
Eating the bitter bread of baniſhment;
While you have fed upon my Seigniories,
Diſ-park'd my Parkes, and fell'd my Forreſt woods;
From mine owne windowes torne my Houſhold Coat,
Raz'd out my Impreſe, leaving me no ſigne,
Save mens opinions, and my living blood,
To ſhew the world I am a Gentleman.
This, and much more, much more then twice all this,

Con-

Condemnes you to the death: see them delivered over
To execution, and the hand of death.
Bush. More welcome is the stroke of death to me,
Then *Bullingbrooke* to England.
Gree. My comfort is, that Heaven will take our soules,
And plague iniustice with the paines of hell.
Bul. My Lord *Northumberland*, see them dispatch'd:
Vncle, you say the Queene is at your House,
For Heavens sake, fairely let her be intreated,
Tell her, I send to her my kind commends;
Take speciall care my greetings be deliver'd,
Yor. A Gentleman of mine, I have dispatch'd
VVith Letters of your loue to her at large.
Bul. Thankes gentle Vncle: come Lords away,
To fight with *Glendoure*, and his Complices;
A while to worke, and after holliday. *Exunt.*

Scæna Secunda.

Drums, Flourish, and Colours.

Enter Richard, Aumerle, Carlile, and Souldiers.

Rich. Barkloughly Castle call you this at hand?
Au. Yea, my Lord: how brooks your Grace the ayre,
After your late tossing on the breaking Seas?
Rich. Needs must I like it well, I weepe for joy
To stand upon my Kingdome once againe.
Deare Earth, I doe salute thee with my hand;
Though Rebels wound thee with their Horses hoofes:
As a long parted Mother with her Child,
Playes fondly with her teares, and smiles in meeting,
So weeping, smiling, greet I thee the Earth,
And doe thee favour with my Royall hands,
Feed not thy Soveraignes Foe, my gentle Earth,
Nor with thy sweetes comfort his ravenous sence:

But let thy Spiders that sucke up thy venome,
And heavy-gated Toade lye in their way;
Doing annoyance to the treacherous feete,
Which with usurping steps doe trample thee.
Yeild stinging Nettles to mine Enemies;
And when they from thy bosome plucke a Flower,
Guard it I prethee with a lurking adder,
Whose double tongue may with a mortall touch
Throw death upon thy Soveraignes Enemies.
Mocke not my senceleſſe Conjuration: Lords;
This earth shall have a feeling, and these Stones
Prove armed Souldiers, ere her native King
Shall falter under fowle Rebellious Armes.
Car. Feare not my Lord, that power that made you King
Hath power to keepe you King, in spight of all.
Aum. He meanes, my Lord, that we are too remisse,
Whilest *Bullingbrooke* through their security,
Growes strong and great, in substance and in friends.
Rich. Discomfortable Cosin, knowest thou not,
That when the searching Eye of Heaven is hid
Behinde the Globe, that lights the lower world,
Then theeves and Robbers raunge abroad unseene,
In Murders and in out-rage bloody here:
But when from under this Terrestriall Ball
He fires the proud tops of the Easterne Pines,
And darts his Lightning through ev'ry guilty hole,
Then Murders, treasons, and detested sinnes
(The Cloake of Night being pluckt from off their backes)
Stand bare and naked, trembling at themselves.
So when this Thiefe, this Traytor *Bullingbrooke*,
Who all this while hath reuell'd in the Night,
Shall see us rising in our Throne, the East,
His Treasons will sit blushing in his face,
Not able to endure the sight of day;
But selfe-affrighted, tremble at his sinne.
Not all the water in the rough rude Sea
Can wash the Balme from an anoynted King;
The breath of worldly men cannot depose

The Deputy elected by the Lord:
For every man that *Bullingbrooke* hath preſt,
To lift ſhrew'd Steele againſt our Golden Crowne,
Heaven for his *Richard* hath in heavenly pay
A glorious Angell: then if Angels fight,
Weake men muſt fall, for Heaven ſtill guards the right.

Enter Salisbury.

Welcome my Lord, how farre off lyes your power?

Salisb. Nor neere, nor farther off, my gracious Lord,
Then this weake arme; diſcomfort guides my tongue,
And bids me ſpeake of nothing but deſpaire:
One day to late, I feare (my Noble Lord)
Hath clouded all my happy dayes on Earth:
Oh call backe Yeſter day, bid time returne,
And thou ſhalt have twelve thouſand fighting men:
To day, to day, unhappie day too late
Orethrowes thy Ioyes, Friends, Fortune, and thy State.
For all the VVelch-men hearing thou wert dead,
Are gone to *Bullingbrooke*, diſperſt, and fled.

Aum. Comfort my Liege, why lookes your Grace ſo pale?

Rich. But now the blood of twentie thouſand Men
Did triumph in my face, and they are fled,
And till ſo much blood thither come againe,
Have I not reaſon to looke pale, and dead?
All ſoules that will be ſafe, flye from my ſide,
For time hath ſet a blot upon my pride.

Aum. Comfort my Liege, remember who you are.

Rich. I had forgot my ſelfe. Am I not King?
Awake thou ſluggard Majeſty, thou ſleepeſt:
Is not the Kings Name forty thouſand Names?
Arme, arme my Name: a puny ſubiect ſtrikes
At thy great glory. Looke not to the ground,
Ye Favorites of a King: are we not high?
High be our thoughts: I know my Vncle *Yorke*
Hath Power enough to ſerve our turne,
But who comes here? *Enter Scroope.*

Scroope. More health and happineſſe betide my Liege,
Then

Then can my care-tun'd tongue deliver him.

Rich. Mine eare is open, and my heart prepar'd:
The worſt is worldly loſſe, thou canſt unfold:
Say, Is my Kingdome loſt? why 'twas my Care:
And what loſſe is it to be rid of Care?
Strives *Bullingbrooke* to be as great as we?
Greater he ſhall not be: If he ſerve God,
Wee'l ſerve him too; and be his Fellow ſo.
Revolt our ſubiects? That we cannot mend,
They breake their Faith to God as well as us:
Cry Woe, Deſtruction, Ruine, Loſſe, Decay,
The worſt is Death, and death will have his day.

Scroope. Glad am I, that your Highneſſe is ſo arm'd
To beare the tidings of Calamity.
Like an unſeaſonable ſtormy day,
Which make the ſilver Rivers drowne their Shores,
As if the world were all diſſolu'd to teares:
So high, above his Limits, ſwells the Rage
Of *Bullingbrooke*, covering your fearefull Land
With hard bright Steele, and hearts harder then Steele:
White Beares have arm'd their thin and haireleſſe Scalps
Againſt thy Majeſty, and boyes with womens voyces,
Strive to ſpeake bigge, and clap their female joynts
In ſtiffe unwieldy Armes: againſt thy Crowne
Thy very Beadſmen learne to bend their bowes
Of double fatall Eugh: againſt thy ſtate
Yea Diſtaffe-VVomen manage ruſty Bills:
Againſt thy Seat both young and old rebell,
And all goes worſe then I have power to tell.

Rich. Too well, too well thou tell'ſt a Tale ſo ill.
VVhere is the Earle of Wiltſhire? where is *Bagot*?
VVhat is become of *Buſhy*? where is *Grecne*?
That they have let the dangerous Enemy
Meaſure our Confines with ſuch peacefull ſteps?
If we prevaile, their hands ſhall pay for it.
I warrant they haue made peace with *Bullingbrooke*.

Scroope. Peace have they made with him indeede (my Lord.)

Rich, Oh Villaines, Vipers, damn'd without redemption,
Dogs, easily won to fawne on any man,
Snakes in my heart blood warm'd, that sting my heart,
Three Iudasses, each one thrice worse then *Iudas*,
Would they make peace? terrible Hell make warre,
Vpon their spotted soules for this Offence.
Scroope, Sweet love (I see) changing his property,
Turnes to the sowrest, and most deadly hate:
Againe uncurse their soules: their peace is made
With Heads, and not with hands: those whom you curse
Have felt the worst of deaths destroying hand,
And lye full low, grav'd in the hollow ground.
Aum. Is *Bushy*, *Greene*, and the Earle of Wiltshire dead
Scroope. Yea, all of them at Bristow lost their heads.
Aum. Where is the Duke my Father with his Power?
Rich. No matter where, of comfort no man speake:
Let's talke of Graves, of Wormes, and Epitaphs,
Make dust our Paper, and with Rainy Eyes
Write sorrow in the bosome of the Earth.
Let's chuse Executors, and talke of Wills:
And yet not so; for what can we bequeath,
Save our deposed bodies to the ground?
Our Lands, our lives, and all are *Bullingbrookes*,
And nothing can we call our owne, but Death,
And that small modell of the barren Earth,
Which serves as paste, and cover to our bones:
For Heavens sake let us sit upon the ground,
And tell sad stories of the death of Kings:
How some have beene depos'd, some slaine in warre,
Some haunted by the Ghosts they have depos'd,
Some poyson'd by their Wives, some sleeping kill'd,
All murther'd. For within the hollow Crowne
That rounds the mortall temples of a King,
Keepes Death his Court, and there the Antique sits
Scoffing his state, and grinning at his pompe,
Allowing him a breath, a little Scene,
To Monarchize, be fear'd, and kill with lookes,
Infusing him with selfe and vaine conceit,

As if this Flesh, which walls about our Life,
VVere Brasse impregnable: and humor'd thus,
Comes at the last, and with a little Pinne
Boares through his Castle VValls, and farewell King
Cover your heads, and mocke not flesh and, blood
VVith solemne Reverence: throw away Respect,
Tradition, forme, and Ceremonious duty,
For you have but mistooke me all this while:
I live with bread like you, feele VVant,
Taste Griefe, need Friends: subjected thus,
How can you say to me, I am a King?
Carl. My Lord; wise men ne're waile their present woes,
But presently prevent the wayes to waile:
To feare the Foe, since feare oppresseth strength,
Gives in your weakenesse, strength unto your Foe;
Feare, and be slaine, no worse can come to fight,
And fight and die, is death destroying death.
VVhere fearing dying, payes death servile breath.
Aum. My Father hath a Power, enquire of him,
And learne to make a Body of a Limbe.
Rich. Thou chid'st me well: proud *Bullingbrooke* I come
To change blowes with thee, for our day of Doome:
This Ague-fit of feare is over-blowne,
An easie taske it is to win our owne.
Say *Scroope*, where lies our Vncle with his Power?
Speake sweetly man, although thy lookes be sowre.
Scroope. Men judge by the complexion of the skie
The state and inclination of the day,
So may you by my dull and heavy Eye:
My tongue hath but a heavier Tale to say:
I play the torturer, by small and small
To lengthen out the worst, that must be spoken,
Your Vncle *Yorke* is joyn'd with *Bullingbrooke*,
And all your Northerne Castles yeilded up,
And all your southerne Gentlemen in Armes
Vpon his Faction.
Rich. Thou hast sayd enough.
Beshrew thee Cosin, which didst lead me forth

Of that ſweet way I was in, to diſpaire:
What ſay you now? what comfort have we now?
By heaven Ile hate him everlaſtingly,
That bids me be of comfort any more.
Goe to Flint Caſtle, there Ile pine away,
A King, Woes ſlave, ſhall Kingly Woe obey:
That power I have, diſcharge, and let 'em goe
To eare the Land, that hath ſome hope to grow
For I have none. Let no man ſpeake againe
To alter this, for counſaile is but vaine.
Aum. My Liege, one word.
Rich. He does me double wrong,
That wounds me with the flatteries of his tongue,
Diſcharge my followers: let them hence away,
From *Richards* Night, to *Bullingbrookes* faire Day. *Exeu.*

Scæna Tertia.

Enter with Drum and Colours, Bullingbrooke, Yorke, Northumberland, Attendants.

Bul. So that by this intelligence we learne
The Welchmen are diſpers'd, and *Salisbury*
Is gone to meete the King, who lately landed
With ſome few private friends, upon this Coaſt.
Nor. The news is very faire and good my Lord,
Richard not farre from hence, hath hid his head.
Yor. It would beſeeme the Lord Northumberland,
To ſay King *Richard*: alacke the heavy day,
When ſuch a ſacred King ſhould hide his head.
Nor. Your Grace miſtakes: onely to be briefe,
Left I this Title out.
Yor. The time hath beene,
Would you have beene ſo briefe with him, he would
Have beene ſo briefe with you, to ſhorten you,
For taking ſo the head; your whole heads length.

Bul.

Bul. Miſtake not (Vncle) farther than you ſhould.
Yor. Take not (good Coſin) farther than you ſhould,
Leaſt you miſtake, the heavens are ore your head.
Bul. I know it (Vncle) and oppoſe not my ſelfe
Againſt their will. But who comes here?

Enter Percy.

Welcome *Harry*: what, will not this Caſtle yeeld?
Per. The Caſtle royally is mann'd, my Lord,
Againſt thy entrance.
Bul. Royally? Why, it contaynes no King?
Per. Yes (my good Lord)
It doth containe a King: King *Richard* lyes
Within the limits of yond Lime and Stone,
And with him the Lord *Aumerle*, Lord *Salisbury*
Sir *Stephen Scroope*, beſides a Cleargy man
Of holy reverence: who, I cannot learne.
Nor. Oh, belike it is the Biſhop of Carliles
Bul. Noble Lord,
Goe to the rude Ribs of that ancient Caſtle,
Through Brazen Trumpet ſend the breath of Parle
Into his ruin'd Eares, and thus deliver:
Henry Bullingbrooke upon his knees doth kiſſe
King *Richards* hand, and ſends allegeance
And true fayth of heart to his royall Perſon: hither come
Even at his feete, to lay my armes and power
Provided, that my Baniſhment repeal'd,
And Lands reſtor'd againe, be freely granted:
If not, Ile uſe th'advantage of my power,
And lay the ſummers duſt with ſhowers of blood
Rayn'd from the wounds of ſlaughter'd Engliſhmen;
The which, how farre off from the mind of *Bullingbrooke*
It is, ſuch Crimſon Tempeſt ſhould bedrench
The freſh greene Lap of faire King *Richards* Land
My ſtooping duty tenderly ſhall ſhew.
Goe ſignifie as much, while here we march
Vpon the Graſſie Carpet of this plaine:
Let's march without the noyſe of threatning Drum,
That from this Caſtels tatter'd Battelments

Our

Our faire Appoyntments may be well perus'd
Me thinkes King *Richard* and my ſelfe ſhould meete
With no leſſe terror then the Elements
Of Fire and Water, when their thundering ſmoake
At meeting teares the cloudy cheekes of Heaven:
Be he the fire, Ile be the yeilding Water;
The rage be his, while on the Earth I raine
My Waters on the Earth, and not on him.
March on, and marke King *Richard* how he lookes.

Parle without, and anſwer within: then a Flouriſh.
Enter on the Walls, Richard, Carlile, Aumerle, Scroop,
Salisbury.

See, ſee, King *Richard* doth himſelfe appeare
As doth the bluſhing diſcontented Sunne,
From out the fiery Portall of the Eaſt.
When he perceives the envious clouds are bent
To dimme his glory, and to ſtaine the tract
Of his bright paſſage to the Occident.
Yor. Yet lookes he like a King: behold his Eye
(As bright as is the Eagles) lightens forth
Controlling Majeſty: alacke, alacke, for woe,
That any harme ſhould ſtaine ſo faire a ſhow.
Rich. We are amaz'd, and thus long have we ſtood
To watch the fearefull bending of thy Knee,
Becauſe we thought our ſelfe thy lawfull King:
And if we be, how dare thy ioynts forget
To pay the awfull duty of our preſence?
If we be not, ſhew us the hand of God,
That hath diſmis'd us from our Stewardſhip,
For well we know no hand of blood and bone
Can gripe the ſacred handle of our Scepter,
Vnleſſe he doe prophane, ſteale or uſurpe.
And though you thinke, that all as you have done,
Have torne their ſoules, by turning them from us,
And we are barren, and bereft of friends:
Yet know, my maſter, God Omnipotent,
Is muſtring in his Clouds, in our behalfe,
Armies of Peſtilence, and they ſhall ſtrike

Your Children yet unborne, and unbegot,
That lift your Vaſſall hands againſt my head,
And threat the glory of my precious Crowne.
Tell *Bullingbrooke*, for yond me thinkes he is,
That every ſtride he makes upon my Land,
Is dangerous Treaſon: he is come to ope
The purple Teſtament of bleeding Warre;
But ere the Crowne he lookes for, live in peace,
Ten thouſand bloody crownes of Mothers Sonnes
Shall ill become the flower of Englands face,
Change the complexion of her Maide-pale Peace
To Scarlet indignation, and bedew
Her paſtors Graſſe with faythfull Engliſh blood.
Nor. The King of Heaven forbid our Lord the King
Should ſo with civill and uncivill Armes
Be ruſht upon: Thy thrice-noble Coſin,
Harry Bullingbrooke, doth humbly kiſſe thy hand,
And by the honourable Tombe he ſweares,
That ſtands upon your Royall Grandſires Bones,
And by the royalties of both your bloods.
(Currents that ſpring from one moſt gracious head)
And by the buried hand of Warlike *Gaunt*,
And by the worth and honour of himſelfe,
Comprizing all that may be ſworne, or ſayd,
His comming hither hath no farther ſcope,
Then for his Lineall Royalties, and to begge
Infranchiſement-immediate on his knees:
Which on thy Royall party granted once,
His glittering Armes he will commend to ruſt,
His barbed Steeds to ſtables, and his heart
To faythfull ſervice of your Maieſty:
This ſweares he as he is a Prince, is juſt,
And as I am a Gentleman I credit him.
Rich. Northumberland, ſay thus: The King returnes,
His Noble Coſin is right welcome hither,
And all the number of his faire demands
Shall be accompliſh'd without contradiction:
With all the gracious utterance thou haſt,

Speake to his gentle hearing kind commends.
VVe doe debaſe our ſelfe (Coſin) doe we not,
To looke ſo poorely, and to ſpeake ſo faire?
Shall we call backe *Northumberland* and ſend
Defiance to the Traytor and ſo die?
Aum. No, good my Lord, let's fight with gentle words,
Till time lend friends, and friends their hopefull Swords.
Rich. Oh God, oh God, that ere this tongue of mine,
That layd the ſentence of dread Baniſhment
On yond proud man, ſhould take it of againe
VVith words of ſooth: O that I were as great
As is my Griefe, or leſſer than my Name,
Or that I could forget what I have beene,
Or not remember what I muſt be now:
Swell'ſt thou proud heart? Ile giue thee ſcope to beate,
Since foes have ſcope to beate both thee and me.
Au. Northumberland comes backe from *Bullingbrooke*.
Rich. VVhat muſt the King doe now? muſt he ſubmit?
The King ſhall doe it: Muſt he be depos'd?
The King ſhall be contented: Muſt he loſe
The Name of King? o' Gods Name let it goe.
Ile give my Iewels for a ſet of beades,
My gorgeous Pallace, for a Hermitage,
My gay Apparrell, for an Almes-mans Gowne,
My figur'd Goblets, for a Diſh of Wood,
My Scepter for a Palmers walking Staffe,
My Subjects, for a payre of carved Saints,
And my large Kingdome, for a little Grave,
A little little Grave, an obſcure Grave.
Or Ile be buried in the Kings high-way,
Some way of common Trade, where Subjects feete
May howrely trample on their Soveraignes Head:
For on my heart they tread now, whileſt I live;
And buried once, why not upon my Head?
Aumerle, thou weep'ſt (my tender-hearted Coſin)
VVee'le make foule Weather with deſpiſed Teares:
Our ſighs, and they, ſhall lodge the Summer Corne,
And make a Dearth in this revolting Land.

Or ſhall we play the wantons, with our woes,
And make ſome pretty match with ſhedding teares?
As thus: to drop them ſtill upon one place,
Till they have fretted us a paire of Graves,
VVithin the Earth: and therein layd, there lies
Two Kinſmen digg'd their Graves with weeping Eyes?
VVould not this ill, doe well? well, well, I ſee
I talke but idly, and you mocke at me.
Moſt mighty Prince, my Lord *Northumberland*,
VVhat ſayes King *Bullingbrooke*? will his Majeſty
Give *Richard* leave to live, till *Richard* die?
You make a legge and *Bullingbrooke* ſayes I,
Nor. My Lord, in the baſe Court he doth attend
To ſpeake with you, may it pleaſe you to come downe.
Rich. Downe, downe I come, like glift'ring *Phaeton*,
Wanting the manage of unruly Iades.
In the baſe Court? baſe Court where Kings grow baſe,
To come at Traytors calls, and doe them grace. (King,
In the baſe Court come downe: downe Court, downe
For Night-Owles ſhrike, where mounting Larks ſhould (ſing.
Bul. What ſayes his Majeſty?
Nor. Sorrow and griefe of heart
Makes him ſpeake fondly, like a franticke man:
Yet he is come.
Bul. Stand all apart,
And ſhew faire duty to his Maieſty.
My gracious Lord.
Rich. Faire Coſin,
You debaſe your Princely knee,
To make the baſe earth proud with kiſſing it.
Me rather had, my heart might feele your love,
Than my unpleas'd Eye ſee your courteſie.
Vp Coſin, up, your Heart is up, I know,
Thus high at leaſt, although your knee be low.
Bul. My gracious Lord, I come but for mine owne.
Rich. Your owne is yours, and I am yours, and all.
Bul. So farre be mine, (my moſt redoubted Lord,)
As my true ſervice ſhall deſerue your love.

Rich. Well you deserv'd:
They well deserue to have,
That know the strong'st, and surest way to get;
Vncle give me your hand: nay, dry your eyes,
Teares shew their love, but want their remidies.
Cosin I am too young to be your Father,
Though you are old enough to be my Heire.
What you will have, Ile give, and willing too,
For doe we must, what force will have us doe.
Set on towards London:
Cosin, is it so?

Bul. Yea, my good Lord.

Rich. Then I must not say, no. *Flourish, Exeunt.*

Scæna Quinta.

Enter Queene, and two Ladies.

Qu. What sport shall we deuise here in this Garden,
To driue away the heavy thought of Care?

La. Madam, we'le play at Bowles.

Qu. 'Twill make me thinke the world is full of Rubs,
And that my fortune runnes against the Byas.

La. Madam, we'le Dance.

Qu. My legges can keepe no measure in Delight,
When my poore heart no measure keepes in Griefe.
Therefore no Dancing (Girle) some other sport.

La. Madam, we'le tell Tales.

Qu. Of sorrow, or of griefe?

La. Of eyther Madam.

Qu. Of neyther Girle.
For if of ioy, being altogether wanting;
It doth remember me the more of sorrow:
Or if of griefe, being altogether had,
It addes more sorrow to my want of joy:
For what I have, I need not to repeat;

And what I want, it bootes not to complaine.

La. Madam, Ile sing.

Qu. 'Tis well that thou hast cause;
But thou should'st please me better, would'st thou weepe.

La. I could weepe, Madam, would it doe you good.

Qu. And I could sing, would weeping doe me good,
And never borrow any Teare of thee.

Enter a Gardiner, and two Servants.

But stay, heere come the Gardiners.
Let's step into the shadow of these Trees.
My wretchednesse, unto a Row of Pinnes,
They'le talke of state: for every one doth so,
Against a change; Woe is forerunne with woe.

Gard. Goe binde thou up yond dangling Apricocks.
VVhich like unruly Children, make their Syre
Stoupe with oppression of their prodigall weight;
Give some supportance to the bending twigges.
Goe thou, and like an Executioner
Cut off the heads of too fast growing sprayes.
That looke too lofty in our Common-wealth:
All must be even, in our Governement.
You thus imploy'd, I will goe root away
The noysome weedes, that without profit sucke
The Soyles fertility from wholesome flowers.

Ser. Why should we, in the compasse of a Pale,
Keepe Law and Forme, and due Proportion,
Shewing as in a Modell our firme state?
When our Sea-walled Garden, (the whole Land)
Is full of Weedes, her fairest Flowers choakt up,
Her Fruit-trees all unpruin'd, her Hedges ruin'd,
Her Knots disorder'd, and her wholesome Hearbes
Swarming with Caterpillers.

Gard. Hold thy peace.
He that hath suffer'd this disorder'd Spring,
Hath now himselfe met with the Fall of Leafe:
The Weeds that his broad-spreading Leaves did shelter,
That seem'd, in eating him, to hold him up,
Are pull'd up, Root, and all, by *Bullingbrooke*:

I meane the Earle of Wiltshire, *Bushy*, *Greene*,
Ser. What are they dead?
Gard. They are,
And *Bullingbrooke* hath seiz'd the wastefull King.
What pitty is it, that he hath not trim'd
And dreſt his Land, as we this Garden, at time of yeare;
And wound the Barke, the skin of our Fruite-trees,
Leaſt being over-proud with Sap and Blood,
With too much riches it confound it ſelfe?
Had he done ſo to great and growing men,
They might have liv'd to beare, and he to taſte
Their fruits of duty. All ſuperfluous branches
We lop away, that bearing boughes may live:
Had he done ſo, himſelfe had borne the Crowne,
Which waſte and idle houres, hath quite throwne downe.
Ser. What thinke you the King ſhall be depos'd?
Gard. Depreſt he is already, and depos'd
'Tis doubted he will be. Letters came laſt night
To a deare friend of the Duke of *Yorke*,
That tell blacke tidings.
Qu. Oh I am preſt to death, through want of ſpeaking:
Thou old *Adams* likeneſſe, ſet to dreſſe this Garden:
How dares thy harſh tongue ſound this unpleaſing
What *Eve*, what ſerpent hath ſuggeſted thee, (newes?
To make a ſecond fall of curſed man?
Why do'ſt thou ſay King *Richard* is depos'd?
Dar'ſt thou, (thou little better thing then earth)
Divine his downefall? Say where, when, and how
Cam'ſt thou by this ill tydings? Speake thou wretch.
Gard. Pardon me Madam. Little joy have I
To breath theſe newes; yet what I ſay, is true;
King *Richard*, he is in the mighty hold
Of *Bullingbrooke*, their fortunes both are weigh'd:
In your Lords Scale, is nothing but himſelfe,
And ſome few vanities, that make him light:
But in the Ballance of great *Bullingbrooke*,
Beſides himſelfe, are all the Engliſh Peeres,
And with that oddes he weighes King *Richard* downe.

Poſt you to London, and you'l finde it ſo,
I ſpeake no more, then every one doth know.
Qu. Nimble miſchance, that art ſo light of foote,
Doth not thy Embaſſage belong to me?
And am I laſt that know it? Oh thou think'ſt
To ſerue me laſt, that I may longeſt keepe
Thy ſorrow in my breaſt. Come Ladies goe,
To meet at London, Londons King in woe.
What, was I borne to this? that my ſad looke
Should grace the Triumph of great *Bullingbrooke*?
Gard'ner, for telling me this newes of woe.
I would the Plants thou graft'ſt may never grow. *Exit.*
Gard. Poore Queene, ſo that thy ſtate might be no (worſe,
I would my skill were ſubiect to thy curſe:
Here did ſhe drop a teare, here in this place
Ile ſet a Banke of Rew, (ſowre Herbe of Grace:)
Rue, ev'n for ruth, here ſhortly ſhall be ſeene,
In the remembrance of a weeping Queene. *Exit.*

Actus Quartus, Scæna Prima.

Enter as to the Parliament, Bullingbrooke, Aumerle, Northumberland, Percy, Fitz-Water, Surrey, Carlile, Abbot of Weſtminſter. Herauld, Officers, and Bagot.

Bul. Call forth *Bagot*.
Now *Bagot*, freely ſpeake thy mind,
What thou doſt know of Noble *Gloſters* death,
Who wrought it with the King, and who perform'd
The bloody Office of his timeleſſe end,
Bag. Then ſet before my face the Lord *Aumerle*.
Bul. Coſin, ſtand forth and looke upon that man.
Bag. My Lord *Aumerle*, I know your daring tongue
Scornes to unſay what it hath once deliver'd.
In that dead time, when *Gloſters* death was plotted,

I heard you say, Is not my arme of length,
That reacheth from the restfull Englisth Court
As farre as Callis, to my Vncles head?
Amongst much other talke, that very time,
I heard you say, that you had rather refuse
The offer of an hundred thousand Crownes.
Then *Bullingbrookes* returne to England; adding withall,
How blest this Land would be, in this your Cosins death.
Aum. Princes and Noble Lords:
What answer shall I make to this base man:
Shall I so much dishonour my faire starres,
On equall termes to give him chastisement?
Either I must, or have mine honour spoyl'd
With th' Attaindor of his slanderous lips,
There is my Gage, the manuall seale of death
That markes thee out for hell. Thou lyest,
And will maintaine what thou hast sayd, is false,
In thy hearts blood, though being all too base,
To staine the temper of my Knightly sword.
Bul. Bagot forbeare, thou shalt not take it up.
Aum. Excepting one, I would he were the best
In all this presence, that hath moovd me so.
Fitz. If that thy valour stand on sympathies:
There is my Gage, *Aumerle*, in Gage to thine:
By that faire sunne, that shewes me where thou stand'st,
I heard thee say, (and vantingly thou spak'st it)
That thou wer't cause of Noble *Glosters* death.
If thou denyest it, twenty times thou lyest,
And I will turne thy falsehood to thy heart,
Where it was forged, with my Rapiers poynt.
Aum. Thou dar'st not (Coward) live to see the day.
Fitz. Now by my Soule, I would it were this houre.
Aum. Fitzwater thou art damn'd to hell for this.
Per. Aumerle, thou lyest: his honour is as true
In this appeale, as thou art all unjust:
And that thou art so, there I throw my Gage
To prove it on thee, to th' extreamest poynt
Of mortall breathing. Seize it if thou dar'st.

Aum.

Aum. And if I doe not, may my hands rot off,
And never brandish more revengefull Steele,
Over the glittering Helmet of my Foe.
Sur. My Lord *Fitzwater*:
I doe remember well, the very time
Aumerle, and you did talke.
Fitz. My Lord,
'Tis very true: You were in presence then;
And you can witnesse with me, this is true.
Sur. As false, by heaven,
As heaven it selfe is true.
Fitz. Surry, thou lyest,
Sur. Dishonourable Boy;
That lye shall lye so heauy on my sword,
That it shall render Vengeance and Revenge,
Till thou the Lye-giver, and that lye, doe lye
In earth as quiet, as thy Fathers Scull.
In proofe whereof, there is mine Honours pawne,
Engage it to the Tryall, if thou dar'st.
Fitz. How fondly dost thou spurre a forward Horse?
If I dare eate, or drinke, or breath, or live,
I dare meete *Surry* in a Wildernesse,
And spit upon him, whilst I say he lies,
And lies, and lies: there is my bond of Faith,
To tye thee to my strong Correction.
As I intended to thrive in this new world,
Aumerle is guilty of my true appeale.
Besides, I heard the banish'd *Norfolke* say,
That thou *Aumerle* didst send two of thy men,
To execute the Noble Duke at Callis.
Aum. Some honest Christian trust me with a Gage,
That *Norfolke* lies, here doe I throw downe this,
If he may be repeald, to try his honour.
Bul. These differences shall all rest under Gage,
Till *Norfolke* be repeal'd: repeal'd he shall be;
(And though mine Enemy) restor'd againe
To all his Lands and Seigniories: when hee's return'd,
Against *Aumerle* we will inforce his Tryall.

Car. That honourable day ſhall ne're be ſeene.
Many a time hath baniſh'd *Norfolke* fought
For Ieſu Chriſt, in glorious Chriſtian field
Streaming the Enſigne of the Chriſtian Croſſe
Againſt blacke Pagans, Turkes, and Saracens:
And toyl'd with workes of warre, retyr'd himſelfe
To *Italy*, and there at *Venice* gave
His Body to that pleaſant Countries Earth,
And his pure ſoule unto his Captaine Chriſt,
Vnder whoſe Colours he had fought ſo long.
Bul. Why Biſhop, is *Norforke* dead?
Carl. As ſure as I liye my Lord.
Bul. Sweet peace conduct his ſweet ſoule
To the Boſome of good old *Abraham*.
Lords Appealants, your differences ſhall all reſt under
Till we aſſigne you to your dayes of Tryall. (gage,

Enter Yorke.

Yorke. Great Duke of Lancaſter, I come to thee
From Plume-pluckt *Richard*, who with willing ſoule
Adopts thee Heire, and his high Scepter yeelds
To the poſſeſſion of thy Royall Hand.
Aſcend his Throne, deſcending now from him,
And long live *Henry*, of that Name the Fourth.
Bul. In Gods Name, Ile aſcend the Regall throne,
Carl. Mary, Heaven forbid.
VVorſt in this Royall Preſence may I ſpeake,
Yet beſt beſeeming me to ſpeake the truth.
Would God, that any in this Noble Preſence
Were enough Noble to be upright Iudge
Of Noble *Richard*; then true Noblenelſe would
Learne him forbearance from ſo foule a Wrong.
What ſubject can give ſentence on his King?
And who ſits here, that is not *Richards* ſubject?
Theeves are not judg'd, but they are by to heare
Although apparant guilt be ſeene in them:
And ſhall the figure of Gods Majeſty,
His Captaine, ſteward, Deputy elect,
Anoynted, Crown'd and planted many yeares,

Be judg'd by ſubjects, and inferior breath,
And he himſelfe not preſent? Oh, forbid, it God,
That in a Chriſtian Climate, ſoules refinde
Should ſhew ſo heynous, blacke, obſcene a deed.
I ſpeake to ſubjects, and a ſubject ſpeakes,
Stirr'd up by Heaven, thus boldly for his King.
My Lord of *Hereford* here, whom you call King,
Is a foule Traytor to prowd *Herefords* King.
And if you Crowne him, let me prophecy,
The blood of Engliſh ſhall manure the ground,
And future ages groane for his foule Act.
Peace ſhall goe ſleepe with *Turkes* and Infidels,
And in this Seat of Peace, tumultuous Warres
Shall Kinne with Kinne, and Kinde with Kinde confound,
Diſorder, Horror, Feare, and Mutiny
Shall here inhabite and this Land be call'd
The field of Golgotha, and dead mens ſculls.
Oh, if you reare this Houſe againſt this Houſe
It will the woefulleſt Diviſion prove,
That ever fell upon this curſed Earth.
Prevent it, reſiſt it, let it not be ſo,
Leaſt Child, Childs Children cry againſt you, VVoe.
North. Well have you argu'd Sir: and for your paines,
Of Capitall Treaſon we arreſt you here.
My Lord of Weſtminſter, be it your charge,
To keepe him ſafely, till his day of Tryall.
May it pleaſe you, Lords, to grant the Commons Suit?
Bull. Fetch hither *Richard*, that in common view
He may ſurrender: ſo we ſhall proceede
VVithout ſuſpition.
Yor. I will be his Conduct. *Exit.*
Bull. Lords, you that here are under our Arreſt,
Procure your Sureties for your Dayes of Anſwer:
Little are we beholding to your Love,
And little look'd for at your helping Hands:

Enter Richard and Yorke.

Rich. Alack, why am I ſent for to a King,
Before I have ſhooke off the Regall thoughts

Wherewith I reign'd? I hardly yet have learn'd
To insinuate, flatter, bow, and bend my Knee.
Give Sorrow leave a while, to returne me
To this submission. Yet I will remember
The favors of these men: were they not mine?
Did they not sometime cry, All hayle to me?
So *Iudas* did to Christ: but he in twelve,
Found truth in all, but one; I, in twelve thousand, none.
God save the King: will no man say, Amen?
Am I both Priest and Clarke? well then, Amen.
God save the King, although I be not he:
And yet Amen, if Heaven doe thinke him me.
To doe what service, am I sent for hither?

Yor. To doe that office of thine owne good will,
VVhich tyred Majesty did make thee offer:
The Resignation of thy State and Crowne
To *Henry Bullingbrooke*.

Rich. Give me the Crown. Here Cosin, seize the Crown:
Here Cosin, on this side my Hand, on that side thine.
Now is this Golden Crowne like a deepe Well,
That owes two Buckets, filling one another,
The emptier ever dancing in the ayre,
The other downe, unseene, and full of Water:
That Bucket downe, and full of Teares am I,
Drinking my Griefes, whilst you mount up on high.

Bul. I thought you had beene willing to resigne.

Rich. My Crowne I am, but still my Griefes are mine:
You may my Glories and my State depose,
But not my Griefes; still am I King of those.

Bul. Part of your Cares you give me with your Crown.

Rich. Your Cares set up, doe not pluck my Cares down.
My Care, is losse of Care, by old Care done,
Your Care, is gaine of Care, by new Care wonne:
The Cares I giue, I have, though given away,
They tend the Crowne, yet still with me they stay.

Bul. Are you contented to resigne the Crowne?

Rich. I, no; no, I: for I must nothing be:
Therefore no, no, for I resigne to thee.

Now,

Now, marke me how I will undoe my selfe:
I give this heauy weight from off my Head,
And this unwieldy Scepter from my hand,
The pride of Kingly sway from out my heart.
With mine owne Teares I wash away my blame,
With mine owne hands I give away my Crowne,
With mine owne Tongue deny my sacred State,
With mine owne breath release all dutious Oathes:
All pompe and Maiesty I doe forsweare:
My Mannors, Rents, Revenews, I forgoe;
My Acts, Decrees, and Statutes I deny:
God pardon all Oathes that are broke to me,
God keepe all vowes unbroke are made to thee.
Make me, that nothing have, with nothing griev'd,
And thou withall pleas'd, that hast all atchiev'd,
Long mayst thou live in *Richards* Seate to sit,
And soone lie *Richard* in an earthy pit.
God save King *Henry*, un-king'd *Richard* sayes,
And send him many yeares of sunne-shine dayes.
What more remaines?

Nor. No more; but that you read
These Accusations, and these grievous Crymes,
Committed by your person, and your followers
Against the state, and profit of this Land:
That by confessing them, the soules of men
May deeme, that you are worthily depos'd.

Rich. Must I doe so? and must I ravell out
My weav'd up follyes? Gentle *Northumberland*,
If thy Offences were upon Record,
Would it not shame thee in so faire a troupe,
To reade a Lecture of them? If thou would'st,
There should'st thou find one haynous Article,
Containing the deposing of a King,
And cracking the strong warrant of an Oath,
Mark'd with a Blot, damn'd in the booke of Heaven.
Nay, all of you that stand and looke upon me,
Whil'st that my wretchednesse doth bait my selfe,
Though some of you, with *Pilate* wash your hands,

Shewing an outward pitty: yet you *Pilates*
Have here deliver'd me to my ſowre Croſſe,
And Water cannot waſh away your ſinne.
Nor. My Lord diſpatch, read o're theſe Articles.
Rich. Mine eyes are full of teares, I cannot ſee:
And yet ſalt-water blindes them not ſo much,
But they can ſee a ſort of Traytors here.
Nay, if I turne mine eyes upon my ſelfe,
I finde my ſelfe a Traytor with the reſt
For I have given here my ſoules conſent,
T' undecke the pompous body of a King;
Made glory baſe, a ſoveraigne, a ſlave;
Proud Maieſty, a ſubiect; State, a Peſant,
Nor. My Lord.
Rich. No Lord of thine, thou haught-inſulting man;
No, nor no mans Lord: I have no Name, no Title:
No, not that Name was given me at the Font,
But 'tis uſurpt: alacke the heavy day,
That I have worne ſo many Winters out,
And know not now, what Name to call my ſelfe.
Oh, that I were a mockery, King of Snow,
Standing before the ſunne of *Bullingbrooke*,
To melt my ſelfe away in Water-drops:
Good King, great King, and yet not greatly good,
And if my word be ſterling yet in England,
Let it command a mirror hither ſtraight;
That it may ſhew me what a face I have,
Since it is Bankrupt of his Maieſty.
Bul. Goe ſome of you, and fetch a Looking-Glaſſe.
Nor. Read o're this Paper, whiſe the Glaſſe doth come.
Rich. Fiend, thou torments me, ere I come to Hell.
Bul. Vrge it no more my Lord *Northumberland*.
Nor. The Commons will not then be ſatisfy'd.
Rich. They ſhall be ſatisfy'd: ile reade enough,
When I doe ſee the very Booke indeed,
Where all my ſinnes are writ, and that's my ſelfe.

Enter one with a Glaſſe.

Give me that Glaſſe, and therein will I reade.

No deeper wrinkles yet? hath ſorrow ſtrucke
So many blowes upon this face of mine,
And made no deeper wounds? Oh flattering Glaſſe,
Like to my followers in proſperity,
Thou do'ſt beguile me. Was this face the face
That every day, under his houſhold Rooſe,
Did keepe ten thouſand men? was this the face,
That like the ſunne did make beholders winke?
Is this the face, which fac'd ſo many follyes,
That was at laſt out-fac'd by *Bullingbrooke*?
A brittle glory ſhineth in this face,
As brittle as the Glory, is the face,
For there it is, crackt in an hundred ſhivers.
Marke ſilent King, the Morall of this ſport,
How ſoone my ſorrow hath deſtroy'd my face.
Bul. The ſhadow of your ſorrow hath deſtroy'd
The ſhadow of your face.
Rich. Say that againe.
The ſhadow of my ſorrow: ha, lets ſee,
'Tis very true, my griefe lyes all within,
And theſe externall manners of laments,
Are meerely ſhadows to the unſeene griefe,
That ſwells with ſilence in the tortur'd ſoule.
There lies the ſubſtance: and I thanke thee King
For thy great bounty, that not onely giv'ſt
Me cauſe to waile, but teacheſt me the way
How to lament the cauſe. Ile begge one boone,
And then be gone, and trouble you no more.
Shall I obtaine it?
Bul. Name it, faire Coſin.
Rich. Faire Coſin? I am greater than a King:
For when I was a King, my flatterers
Were then my ſubiects; being now a ſubiect,
I have a King here to my flatterer:
Being ſo great, I have no need to begge.
Bul. Yet aske.
Rich, And ſhall I have?
Bul. You ſhall.

Rich. Then give me leave to goe.
Bul. Whither?
Rich. Whither you will, so I were from your sights.
Bul. Goe some of you convey him to the Tower.
Rich. Oh good: convey: Conveyers are you all,
That rise thus nimbly by a true Kings fall.
Bul. On wednesday next, we solemnly set downe
Our Coronation; Lords prepare your selves. *Exeunt.*
Abbot. A wofull Pageant haue we here beheld.
Carl. The woe's to come, the children yet un-borne,
Shall feele this day as sharpe to them as thorne.
Aum. You holy clergy-men, is there no plot
To rid the Realme of this pernicious blot?
Abbot. Before I freely speake my minde herein,
You shall not onely take the Sacrament,
To bury mine intents, but also to effect
What ever I shall happen to devise.
I see your browes are full of discontent,
Your heart of sorrow, and your eyes of teares,
Come home with me to supper, ile lay a plot
Shall shew us all a merry day. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus, Scæna Prima.

Enter Queene, and Ladies.

Qu. This way the King will come: this is the way
To *Iulius Cæsars* ill-erected Tower:
To whose flint bosome, my condemned Lord
Is doom'd a Prisoner, by proud *Bullingbrooke*.
Here let us rest, if this rebellious Earth
Have any resting for her true Kings Queene.
Enter Richard and Gard.
But soft, but see, or rather doe not see,
My faire Rose wither: yet looke up; behold.
That you in pitty may dissolve to dew,

And wash him fresh againe with true-love teares.
Ah thou the modell where old Troy did stand,
Thou map of honour, thou King *Richards* Tombe,
And not King *Richard*: thou most beauteous Inne,
Why should hard-favor'd griefe be lodg'd in thee,
When triumph is become an Ale-house guest?
Rich. Ioyne not with griefe, faire Woman, doe not so,
To make my end too sudden; learne good soule,
To thinke our former State a happy dreame,
From which awak'd, the truth of what we are,
Shewes us but this. I am sworne Brother (sweet)
To grim necessity; and he and I
Will keepe a League till Death. Hie thee to France,
And Cloyster thee in some Religious house:
Our holy lives must win a new worlds Crowne,
Which our prophane houres here have stricken downe.
Qu. What, is my *Richard* both in shape and mind
Transform'd, and weaken'd? Hath *Bullingbrooke*
Depos'd thine Intellect? hath he beene in thy heart?
The Lyon-dying thrusteth forth his paw,
And wounds the earth, if nothing else, with rage
To be o're-pow'r'd: and wilt thou, Pupil-like,
Take thy Correction mildly, kisse the Rodde,
And fawne on rage with base humility,
Which art a Lyon, and a King of Beasts?
Rich. A King of beasts indeed, if aught but beasts,
I had beene still a happy King of Men.
Good (sometime Queene) prepare thee hence for France:
Thinke I am dead, and that even heare thou tak'st,
As from my death-bed, my last living leave.
In winters teadious night sit by the fire
With good old folkes, and let them tell thee tales
Of woefull ages, long agoe betide:
And ere thou bid goodnight, to quit their griefe,
Tell thou the lamentable fall of me,
And send the hearers weeping to their beds:
For why? the senceless Brands will sympathize
The heavy accent of my moving tongue,

And in compassion, weepe the fire out:
And some will mourne in Ashes, some coale-blacke,
For the deposing of a rightfull King.

Enter Northumberland.

North. My Lord, the mind of *Bullingbrooke* is chang'd.
You must to Pomfret, not unto the Tower.
And Madam, there is order ta'ne for you:
With all swift speed, you must away to *France.*

Rich. Northumberland, thou Ladder wherewithall
The mounting *Bullingbrooke* ascends my Throne,
The time shall not be many houres of age,
More than it is, ere foule sinne, gathering head,
Shall breake into corruption: thou shalt thinke,
Though he devide the Realme, and give thee halfe,
It is too little, helping him to all:
He shall thinke, that thou which know'st the way
To plant unrightfull Kings, wilt know againe,
Being ne're so little urg'd, another way,
To plucke him headlong from th' usurped Throne.
The Love of wicked friends converts to Feare;
That Feare, to Hate; and Hate turnes one or both,
To worthy Danger, and deserved Death.

North. My guilt be on my Head, and there an end:
Take leave, and part, for you must part forthwith.

Rich. Doubly divorc'd? (bad men) ye violate
A two-fold Marriage; 'twixt my Crowne, and me,
And then betwixt me, and my marryed Wife.
Let me un-kisse the Oath 'twixt thee and me;
And yet not so; for with a kisse 'twas made.
Part us *Northumberland*: I, towards the North,
Where shivering Cold and Sicknesse pines the Clyme:
My Queene to *France*: from whence, set forth in pompe,
She came adorned hither like sweet may;
Sent backe Hollowmas, or short'st of day.

Qu. And must we be divided? must we part?

Rich. I, hand from hand (my Love) and heart fro heart.

Qu. Banish us both, and send the King with me.

North. That were some Love, but little Pollicy.

Qu. Then whither he goes thither let me goe.

Rich. So two together weeping, make one Woe,
Weepe thou for me in France; I, for for thee here:
Better farre off, than nere, be ne're the neere.
Goe, count thy way with sighes, I, mine with Groanes.

Qu. So longest way shall have the longest moanes.

Rich. Twice for one sigh ile groane, the way being short,
And piece the way out with a heavy heart.
Come, come, in woing sorrow let's be briefe,
Since wedding it, there is such length in griefe:
One kisse shall stop our mouthes, and doubly part;
Thus give I mine, and thus thus take I thy heart.

Qu. Give me mine owne againe: 'twere no good part,
To take on me to keepe, and kill thy heart.
So, now I have mine owne againe, be gone,
That I may strive to kill it with a groane.

Rich. We make woe wanton with this fond delay:
Once more adieu; the rest let sorrow say. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Yorke, and his Dutchesse.

Dut. My Lord, you told me you would tell the rest,
When weeping made you breake the story off,
Of our two Cosins comming into London.

Yor. Where did I leave?

Dut. At that sad stoppe, my Lord.
Where rude mis-govern'd hands, from windowes tops,
Threw dust and rubbish on King *Richard's* head.

Yor. Then, as I sayd, the Duke (great *Bullingbrooke*,)
Mounted upon a hot and fiery Steed,
Which his aspiring Rider seem'd to know,
With slow, but stately pace, kept on his course:
While all tongues cri'd, God save thee *Bullingbrooke*,
You would have thought the very windowes spake,

So many greedy lookes of young and old,
Through Casements darted their desiring eyes
Vpon his visage; and that all the walles
With painted Imagery had said at once,
Iesu preserve thee; welcome *Bullingbrooke*:
Whilst he, from one side to the other turning,
Bare-headed; lower then his proud Steeds neeke,
Bespake them thus: I thanke you Countri-men;
And thus still doing, thus he past along.

Dutch. Alas poore *Richard*, where rides he the whilst?

Yorke. As in a Theater, the eyes of men
After a well grac'd Actor leaves the stage,
Are idlely bent on him that enters next,
Thinking his prattle to be tedious:
Even so, or with much more contempt, mens eyes
Did scowle on *Richard*; no man cride; God save him;
No joyfull tongue gave him his welcome home,
But dust was throwne upon his sacred head,
Which with such gentle sorrow he shooke off,
His face still combating with teares and smiles
(The badges of his greefe and patience)
That had not God (for some strong purpose) steel'd
The hearts of men, they must perforce have melted,
And Barbarisme it selfe have pittied him.
But Heaven hath a hand in these events,
To whose high will we bound our calme contents,
To *Bullingbrooke*, are we sworne Subjects now,
Whose State, and Honour, I for aye allow.

Enter Aumerle.

Dut. Heere comes my sonne *Aumerle*.

Yor. *Aumerle* that was,
But that is lost, for being *Richards* Friend.
And Madam, you must call him *Rutland* now;
I am in Parliament pledge for his truth,
And lasting fealty in the new-made King.

Dut. Welcome my sonne; who are the Violets now,
That strew the greene lap of the new-come Spring?

Aum. Madam, I know not, nor I greatly care not,
God

God knowes, I had as lieve be none as one.

Yor. Well, beare you well in this new-spring of time,
Least you be crept before you come to prime.
What newes from Oxford? Hold those Iusts and Tri-(umphs?

Aum. For ought I know my Lord, they doe.

Yor. You will be there I know.

Aum. If God prevent not, I purpose so.

Yor. What seale is that that hangs without thy bosome
Yea, look'st thou pale? Let me see the writing.

Aum. My Lord, 'tis nothing.

Yor. No matter then who sees it,
I will be satisfied, let me see the writing.

Aum. I do beseech your Grace to pardon me,
It is a matter of small consequence,
VVhich for some reasons I would not have seene.

Yor. VVhich for some reasons sir, I meane to see:
I feare, I feare.

Dut. VVhat should you feare?
'Tis nothing but some Bond, that he is entred into
For gay apparrell against the Triumph.

Yor. Bound to himselfe? what doth he with a bond
That he is bound to? wife, you are a foole.
Boy, let me see the writing.

Aum. I doe beseech you pardon me, I may not shew it.

Yor. I will be satisfied, let me see't I say. *Snatches it.*
Treason, foule treason, villaine, traytor, slave.

Dut. VVhat's the matter, my Lord?

Yor. Hoa, who's within there; saddle my horse,
Heaven for his mercy what treachery is here?

Dut. Why, what is't my Lord?

Yor. Give me my boots, I say; Saddle my horse;
Now by my honour, my life, my troth,
I will appeach the villaine.

Dut. What is the matter?

Yor. Peace foolish woman.

Dut. I will not peace, what is the matter sonne?

Aum. Good mother be content, it is no more
Then my poore life must answer.

Dut. Thy life answer?

Enter Servant with Boots.

Yor. Bring my Boots, I will unto the King.

Dut. Strike him *Aumerle.* Poore boy, thou art amaz'd,
Hence Villaine, never more come in my sight.

Yor. Give me my Boots I say.

Dut. Why *Yorke*, what wilt thou doe?
Wilt thou not hide the trespasse of thine owne?
Have we more sonnes? Or are we like to have?
Is not my teeming date drunke up with time?
And wilt thou plucke my faire sonne from mine Age,
And rob me of a happy mothers name?
Is he not like thee? is he not thine owne?

Yor. Thou fond and mad woman,
Wilt thou conceale this darke conspiracy?
A dozen of them here have tane the Sacrament,
And enterchangeably set downe their hands
To kill the King at Oxford.

Dut. He shall be none:
Wee'l keepe him here: then what is that to him?

Yor. Away fond woman: were he twenty times my
sonne, I would appeach him.

Dut. Hadst thou groan'd for him, as I have done,
Thou wouldest be more pittifull:
But now I know thy minde; thou do'st suspect
That I have beene disloyall to thy bed,
And that he is a bastard, not thy sonne:
Sweet *Yorke*, sweet husband, be not of that mind:
He is as like thee, as a man may be,
Not like to me, nor any of my Kin,
And yet I love him.

Yor. Make way, unruly woman. *Exit.*

Dut. After *Aumerle.* Mount thee upon his Horse,
Spurre post, and get before him to the King,
And beg thy pardon, ere he doe accuse thee,
Ile not be long behinde: though I be old,
I doubt not but to ride as fast as Yorke:
And never will I rise up from the ground,
Till

Till *Bullingbrooke* have pardon'd thee: Away, be gone, *Ex.*

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Bullingbrooke, Percy, and other Lords.

Bul. Can no man tell of my unthrifty sonne?
'Tis full three monthes since I did see him last.
If any plague hang over us, 'tis he:
I would to heaven (my Lords) he might be found,
Enquire at London, 'mongst the Tavernes there:
For there (they say) he daily doth frequent,
With un-restrained loose Companions,
Even such (they say) as stand in narrow Lanes,
And rob our watch, and beate our passengers,
Which he (young wanton, and effeminate Boy)
Takes on the poynt of honour, to support
So dissolute a crew.

Per. My Lord, some two dayes since I saw the Prince,
And told him of these triumphes held at Oxford.

Bul. And what sayd the Gallant?

Per. His answer was, he would unto the stewes,
And from the common'st creature plucke a glove
And weare it as a favour, and with that
He would unhorse the lustiest challenger.

Bul. As dissolute as desp'rate, yet through both,
I see some sparks of better hope: which elder dayes
May happily bring forth. But who comes here?

Enter Aumerle.

Aum. Where is the King?

Bul. What meanes my Cosin, that he stares
And lookes so wildely? (iesty.

Aum. God save your Grace, I doe beseech your Ma-
To have some conference with your Grace alone.

Bul. Withdraw your selves, and leave us here alone,
What is the the matter with our Cosin now?

Aum.

Aum. For ever may my knees grow to the earth,
My tongue cleave to my roofe within my mouth,
Vnleſſe a pardon, ere I riſe or ſpeake.
Bul. Intended or committed was this fault?
If on the firſt, how hainous ere it be,
To winne thy after-love I pardon thee.
Aum. Then give me leave, that I may turne the key,
That no man enter till the tale be done.
Bul. Have thy deſire. *Yorke within.*
Yor. My Liege beware, looke to thy ſelfe,
Thou haſt a Traytor in thy preſence there.
Bul. Villaine, ile make thee ſafe. feare.
Aum. Stay thy revengefull hand, thou haſt no cauſe to
Yor. Open the doore, ſecure foole-hardy King:
Shall I for love ſpeake treaſon to thy face?
Open the doore, or I will breake it open. *Enter Yorke.*
Bul. What is the matter (Vncle) ſpeake, recover breath,
Tell us how neere is danger,
That we may arme us to encounter it.
Yor. Peruſe this writing here, and thou ſhalt know
The reaſon that my haſte forbids me ſhow.
Aum. Remember as thou read'ſt, thy promiſe paſt:
I doe repent me reade not my name there,
My heart is not confederate with my hand.
Yor. It was (villaine) ere thy hand did ſet it downe.
I tore it from the traytors boſome, King.
Feare and not loue, begets his penitence;
Forget to pitty him, leaſt thy pitty prove
A ſerpent, that will ſting thee to the heart.
Bul. Oh heinous, ſtrong, and bold conſpiracy,
O loyall Father of a trecherous Sonne:
Thou ſheere, immaculate, and ſilver fountaine,
From whence this ſtreame, through muddy paſſages
Hath had his current, and defil'd himſelfe.
Thy overflow of good, converts to bad,
And thine abundant goodneſſe ſhall excuſe
This deadly plot, in thy digreſſing ſonne.
Yor. So ſhall my vertue be his vices bawd,

And he ſhall ſpend mine Honour, with his ſhame:
As thriftleſſe Sonnes their ſcraping Fathers Gold.
Mine honour lives when his diſhonour dyes,
Or my ſham'd life in his diſhonour lies:
Thou kill'ſt me in his life, giving him breath,
The Traitor lives, the true man's put to death.
Dutcheſſe within.
Dut. What hoa (my Liege) for Heavens ſake let me in.
Bul. What ſhrill-voic'd ſuppliant makes this eager cry?
Dut. A Woman and thine Aunt (great King) 'tis I.
Speake with me; pitty me, open the doore,
A begger begs, that never begg'd before.
Bul. Our Scene is alter'd from a ſerious thing,
And now chang'd to the begger, and the King:
My dangerous Coſin, let your Mother in,
I know ſhe's come to pray for your foule ſin.
Yor. If thou do pardon, whoſoever pray,
More ſinnes for this forgiveneſſe, proſper may.
This feſter'd joynt cut off, the reſt reſts ſound,
This let alone, will all the reſt confound. *Enter Dutcheſſe.*
Dut. O King, beleeve not this hard-hearted man,
Love, loving not it ſelfe, none other can.
Yor. Thou franticke woman, what doſt thou make here,
Shall thy old dugges once more a Traitor reare?
Dut. Sweet *Yorke* be patient, heare me gentle Liege.
Bul. Riſe up good Aunt.
Du. Not yet, I thee beſeech.
For ever will I kneele upon my knees,
And never ſee day that the happy ſees,
Till thou give joy: vntill thou bid me ioy,
By pardoning *Rutland*, my tranſgreſſing Boy.
Aum. Vnto my Mothers prayers, I bend my knee.
Yorke. Againſt them both, my true joynts bended be.
Dut. Pleades he in earneſt? Looke upon his Face,
His eyes do drop no teares: his prayers are in jeſt:
His words come from his mouth, ours from our breſt
He prayes but faintly, and would be deny'd,
VVe pray with heart, and ſoule, and all beſide:

His weary joynts would gladly riſe, I know,
Our knees ſhall kneele, till to the ground they grow:
His prayers are full of falſe hypocriſy,
Ours of true zeale, and deepe integrity:
Our prayers do out-pray his, then let him have
That mercy which true prayers ovght to have.
Bul. Good Aunt ſtand up.
Dut. Nay, doe not ſay ſtand up.
But pardon firſt, and afterwards ſtand up.
And if I were thy Nurſe thy tongue to teach,
Pardon ſhould be the firſt word of thy ſpeech.
I never long'd to heare a word till now:
Say Pardon (King,) let pitty teach thee how.
The word is ſhort, but not ſo ſhort as ſweet,
No word like Pardon, for Kings mouth's ſo meet.
Yor. Speake it in French, (King) ſay, *Pardon'ne moy.*
Dut. Doſt thou teach pardon, Pardon to deſtroy?
Ah my ſowre husband, my hard-hearted Lord,
That ſet'ſt the word it ſelfe, againſt the word.
Speake pardon as 'tis currant in our Land,
The chopping French we doe not underſtand.
Thine eye begins to ſpeake, ſet thy tongue there;
Or in thy pittious heart, plant thou thine eare.
That hearing how your plaints and prayers doe pearce,
Pitty may move thee, pardon to rehearſe.
Bul. Good Aunt ſtand up.
Dut. I doe not ſue to ſtand,
Pardon is all the ſuit I have in hand.
Bul. I pardon him as heaven ſhall pardon me,
Dut. O happy vantage of a kneeling knee:
Yet am I ſicke for feare, ſpeake it againe,
Twice ſaying pardon, doth not pardon twaine,
But makes one pardon ſtrong.
Bul. I pardon him with all my heart.
Dut. A God on earth thou art.
Bul. But for our truſty brother-in-law, the Abbot,
With all the reſt of that conſorted crew,
Deſtruction ſtraight ſhall dogge them at the heeles.

Good Vncle helpe to order ſeverall powers
To Oxford, or where ere theſe traytors are:
They ſhall not live within this world I ſweare,
But I will have them if I once knew where.
Vncle farewell, and Coſin too adieu:
Your mother well hath pray'd, and prove you true.
Dut. Come my old ſon, I pray heaven make thee new.
Enter Exton, and Servant. *Exit.*
Ex. Didſt thou not marke the King what words he ſpake.
Have I no friend will rid me of this living feare:
Was it not ſo?
Ser. Thoſe were his words.
Ex. Have I no friend (quoth he) he ſpake it twice,
And urg'd it twice together did he not?
Ser. He did.
Ex. And ſpeaking it he wiſtly look'd on me,
As who ſhould ſay, I would thou wer't the man,
That would divorce this terror from my heart,
Meaning the King at Pomfret: Come, let's goe,
I am the King friend, and will rid his Foe. *Exit.*

Scæna Quarta.

Enter Richard.

Rich. I have beene ſtudying how to compare
This Priſon where I liue, unto the world:
And for becauſe the world is populous,
And here is not a creature, but my ſelfe,
I cannot doe it: yet ile hammer't out.
My braine, ile prove the female to my Soule
My ſoule, the Father: and theſe two beget
A generation of ſtill breeding thoughts;
And theſe ſame thoughts, people this little world
In humors like the people of this world,
For no thought is contented. The better ſort,

As thoughts of things Divine, are intermixt
With ſcruples, and do ſet the Faith it ſelfe
Againſt the Faith; as thus Come little ones; and then
It is as hard to come, as for a Camell (againe,
To thred the poſterne of a Needles eye.
Thoughts tending to Ambition, they do plot
Vnlikely wonders; how theſe vaine weake nailes
May teare a paſſage through the Flinty ribbes
Of this hard world, my ragged priſon walles;
And for they cannot, dye in their owne pride.
Thoughts tending to Content, flatter themſelves,
That they are not the firſt of Fortunes ſlaves,
Nor ſhall not be the laſt. Like ſilly Beggars,
Who ſitting in the Stockes, refuſe that ſhame
That many have, and others muſt ſit there;
And in this thought, they finde a kind of eaſe,
Bearing their owne misfortune on the backe
Of ſuch as have before indur'd the like.
Thus play I in one Priſon, many people,
And none contented. Sometimes am I King;
Then Treaſon makes me wiſh my ſelfe a Begger,
And ſo I am. Then cruſning penury,
Perſwades me, I was better when a King;
Then am I king'd againe; and by and by,
Thinke that I am un-king'd by *Bullingbrooke*,
And ſtraight am nothing. But what ere I am, *Muſicke.*
Nor I, nor any man, that but man is,
With nothing ſhall be pleas'd, till he be eas'd
With being nothing. Muſicke doe I heare?
Ha, ha? keepe time; How ſowre ſweet Muſicke is,
When time is broke, and no Proportion kept?
So is it in the Muſicke of mens lives:
And here have I the daintineſſe of eare,
To heare time broke in a diſorder'd ſtring:
But for the Concord of my State and time,
Had not an eare to heare my true Time broke.
I waſted Time, and now doth Time waſte me:
For now hath time made me his numbring Clocke:

My

My thoughts, are minutes; and with ſighes they iarre,
There watches to mine eyes the outward Watch,
Whereto my finger, like a Dialls point,
Is poynting ſtill, in cleanſing them from teares.
Now ſir, the ſound that tels what houre it is,
Are clamorous grones, that ſtrike upon my heart,
Which is the bell: ſo ſighes and teares, and grones,
Shew minutes, houres, and times: O but my time
Runs poaſting on, in *Bullingbrookes* proud ioy,
While I ſtand fooling here, his jacke o'th' Clocke.
This Muſicke mads me, let it ſound no more,
For though it have holpe mad men to their wits,
In me it ſeemes, it will make wiſe-men mad:
Yet bleſſing on his heart that gives it me;
For 'tis a ſigne of love, and love to *Richard*,
Is a ſtrange brooch, in this all-hating world.

Enter Groome.

Groo. Haile Royall Prince.

Rich. Thankes Noble Peere.
The cheapeſt of us, is ten grotes to deare.
What art thou? And how com'ſt thou hither?
Where no man ever comes, but that ſad dogge
That brings me food, to make misfortune live?

Groo. I was a poore Groome of thy ſtable (King)
When thou wer't King, who travelling towards Yorke,
With much adoo, at length have gotten leave
To looke upon my (ſometimes Royall) maſters face.
O how it yern'd my heart, when I beheld
In London ſtreets, that Corronation day,
When *Bullingbrooke* rode on Roane Barbary,
That Horſe, that thou ſo often haſt beſtrid,
That Horſe, that I ſo carefully haue dreſt.

Rich. Rode he on Barbary? tell me gentle friend,
How went he under him?

Groo. So proudly, as if he had diſdain'd the ground.

Rich. So proud, that *Bullingbrooke* was on his backe;
That jade hath eate bread from my Royall hand.
This hand hath made him proud with clapping him.

Would he not ſtumble? would he not fall downe
(Since pride muſt have a fall) and breake the necke
Of that proud man, that did uſurpe his backe?
Forgiveneſſe horſe; why do I raile on thee,
Since thou created to be aw'd by man
Was't borne to beare? I was not made a horſe
And yet I beare a burthen like an Aſſe,
Spur-gall'd, and tyr'd by jauncing *Bullingbrooke*,

Enter Keeper with a diſh.

Keep. Fellow, give place, here is no longer ſtay.
Rich. If thou love me, 'tis time thou wer't away.
Groo. What my tongue dares not, that my heart ſhall ſay. *Exit.*
Keep. My Lord wilt pleaſe you to fall too?
Rich. Taſte of it firſt, as thou wer't wont to doo.
Keep. My Lord I dare not: Sir *Percy* of Exton,
Who lately came from th King, commands the contrary.
Rich. The divell take *Henry* of Lancaſter, and thee;
Patience is ſtale and I am weary of it.
Keep. Helpe, helpe, helpe.

Enter Exton and Servants.

Ri. How now? what meanes death in this rude aſſault?
Villaine, thine owne hand yeilds thy deaths inſtrument,
Goe thou and fill another roome in hell.

Exton ſtrikes him downe.

That hand ſhall burne in never-quenching fire,
That ſtaggers thus my perſon. *Exton*, thy fierce hand,
Hath with the Kings blood, ſtain'd the Kings owne land.
Mount, mount my ſoule, thy ſeate is up on high,
Whil'ſt my groſſe fleſh ſinkes downeward here to dye.
Ex. As full of valour as of Royall blood,
Both have I ſpilt: Oh would the deed were good,
For now the divell, that told me I did well,
Sayes that this deed is Chronicled in hell.
This dead King to the living King ile beare,
Take hence the reſt; and give them buriall here. *Exit.*

Scena

Scæna Quinta.

Flouriſh, Enter Bullingbrooke, Yorke, with other Lords, and Attendants.

Bul. Vncle Yorke, the lateſt newes we heare,
Is that the Rebels have conſum'd with fire
Our Towne of Ciceter in Gloceſterſhire,
But whether they be tane or ſlaine, we heare not.

Enter Northumberland.

VVelcome my Lord, what is the newes?
Nor. Firſt, to thy ſacred ſtate, wiſh I all happineſſe:
The next newes is, I have to London ſent
The heads of *Salisbury*, *Spencer*, *Blunt*, and *Kent*:
The manner of their taking may appeare
At large diſcourſed in this paper here.
Bul. We thanke thee gentle *Percy* for thy paines,
And to thy worth will adde right worthy gaines.

Enter Fitz-water.

Fitz. My Lord, I have from Oxford ſent to London,
The heads of *Broccas*, and Sir *Bennet Seely*,
Two of the dangerous conſorted Traitors,
That ſought at Oxford, thy dire overthrow.
Bul. Thy paines *Fitz-water*, ſhall not be forgot,
Right Noble is thy merit, well I wot.

Enter Percy, and Carlile.

Per. The grand conſpirator, *Abbot* of *Weſtminſter*,
VVith clog of conſcience, and ſowre melancholly,
Hath yeilded up his body to the graue,
But here is *Carlile*, living to abide
Thy Kingly doome, and ſentence of his pride.
Bul. *Carlile*, this is your doome:
Chooſe out ſome ſecret place, ſome reverend roome
More than thou haſt, and with it joy thy ſelfe:
So as thou liv'ſt in peace, dye free from ſtrife:

For

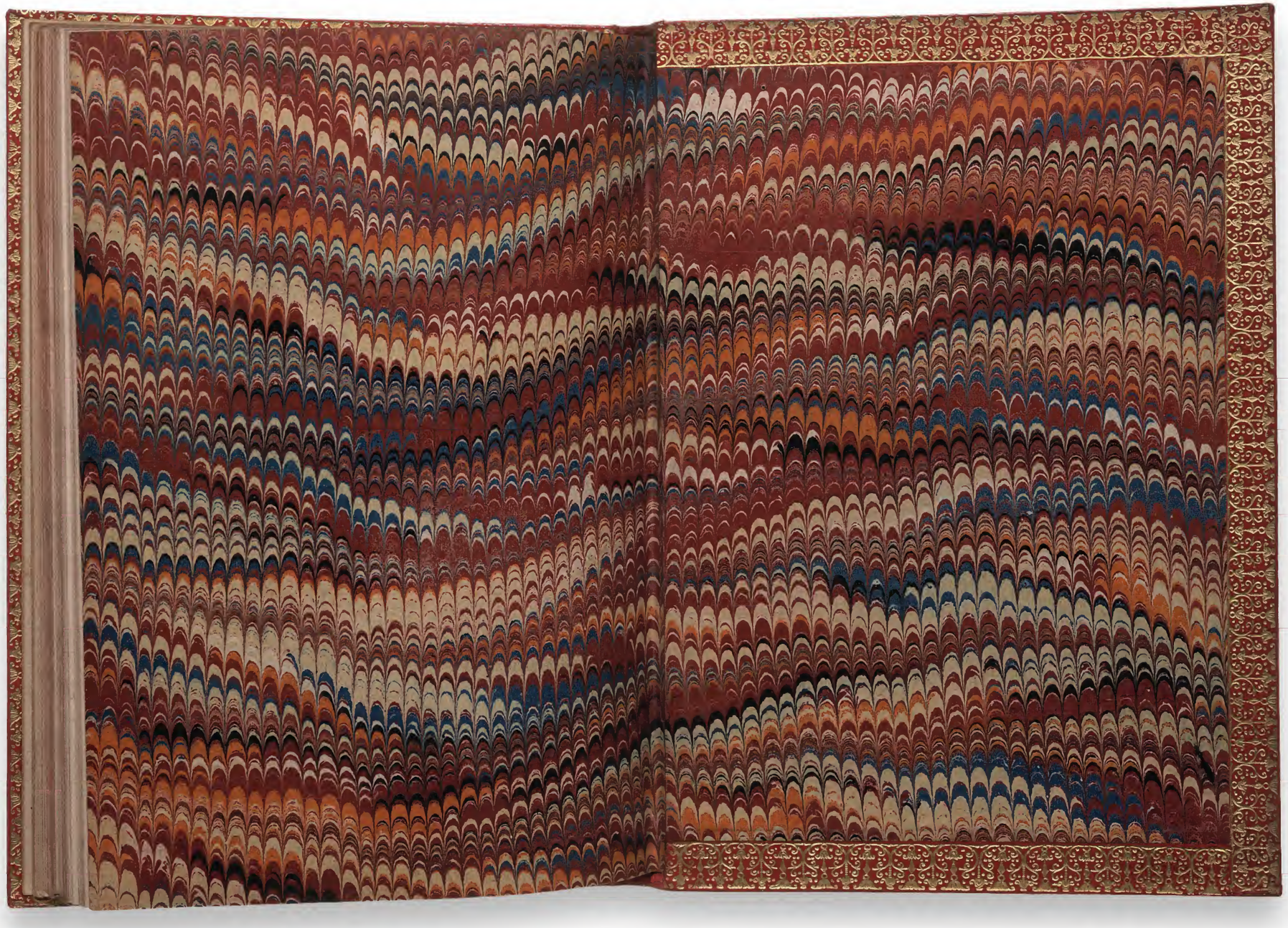
For though mine enemy thou haſt ever beene,
High ſparkes of honour in thee I have ſeene.

Enter Exton with a Coffin.

Exton. Great King, within this Coffin I preſent
Thy buried feare. Herein all breathleſſe lies
The mightieſt of thy greateſt enemies
Richard of Burdeaux, by me hither brought.

Bul. Exton, I thanke thee not, for thou haſt wrought
A deed of ſlaughter, with thy fatall hand.
Vpon my head, and all this famous Land.

Ex. From your owne mouth my Lord, did I this deed.

Bul. They love not poyſon, that doe poyſon need,
Nor doe I thee: though I did wiſh him dead,
I hate the murtherer, love him murthered.
The guilt of conſcience take thou for thy labour,
But neyther my good word, nor Princely favour.
VVith *Caine* goe wander through the ſhade of night,
And never ſhew thy head by day, nor light.
Lords, I proteſt my ſoule is full of woe,
That blood ſhould ſprinkle me, and make me grow,
Come mourne with me, for that I doe lament,
And put on ſullen blacke incontinent:
Ile make a voyage to the Holy-land.
To waſh this blood off from my guilty hand
March ſadly after, grace my mourning here,
In weeping after this untimely beere. *Exeunt.*

FINIS.